THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXVII. NO. 17. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1899. Single Copies 5 Cents.

A WORKING GIRL'S VICTORY.

The Tragic Story of Cuthbert Reynold's Sweetheart---In the Toils of Evil Men---What Love Will Dare and Do

By EDNA I. TYLER.

[Copyrighted 1898.]

SYNOPSIS.

[Cuthbert Reynolds, a young lawyer, who has come to New York to enter his uncle's office, rescues Marcella Keith, a beautiful orphan girl, from a ruffian, Dick Mellor, who is beating her. Cuthbert takes her to Mr. Goulding's home. They all grow fond of her, and Cuthbert learns to love her. Cuthbert soon afterwards rescues a mysterious beautiful woman from a runaway horse. Dick Mellor is furious at losing control of Marcella, who he intends to marry in order to get the wealth which he knows should be hers.]

CHAPTER III.

THE DECOY LETTER.

Happier than she had been for months, Marcella spent the hours following the departure of the gentlemen in becoming acquainted with her new friend, and outlining her past life to the kindly hostess, who was planning some way of assisting the lonely girl.

A short, motherly lady, of perhaps sixty years, gray-haired, with soft, blue eyes and a thoughtful face, Mrs. Goulding was a person whom one instinctively felt was to be trusted and loved; and Marcella's heart went out to her at once.

After lunch the ladies went to the sitting room, where Mrs. Goulding soon became interested in the mysteries of crochet-work. Marcella's arm gave her occasion a twinges of pain; but, altogether, she was as comfortable as could be expected, and a soft little laugh rose frequently to the velvety lips, and her bright eyes shone with appreciation of the lively sallies and the stories of girlhood's days with which Mrs. Goulding entertained her.

For several minutes that good lady was silent, evidently wrapped in thought; then a pleased smile crossed her benign countenance.

"Just the thing!" she exclaimed, as she paused in her crocheting. "Why didn't I think of that before?" She hastily rose, rolled up her work and placed it in the work-basket.

Resuming her seat, she said, kindly:

"The thought has just occurred to me that my friend, Mrs. Thornton, is about to be in need of a companion. Miss Dawson, her present companion, is to be married four weeks from tomorrow, and her place will be vacant. Mrs. Thornton is one of the dearest old ladies in the world, and her girls are the happiest of all paid help. She requires very little attention, and from the standpoint of labor, the work is easy and she wishes to find some lovable, intelligent, ladylike girl who can make herself agreeable, both in home and in social life. Her terms are most liberal, and I mean to take you to see her tomorrow."

"But, Madam, suppose I should not suit her? She might not like me at all," faltered Marcella, her young face bright with hope, but with an anxious expression in her lustrous eyes.

"There is no need to worry about that," returned the good lady, with positive emphasis. "I know what she likes, and you will suit her exactly."

A tap at the door interrupted their conversation.

"A letter for Miss Marcella Keith," announced the servant, as she appeared.

"For me?" said Marcella, her eyes opening wide with surprise. "Who could be writing to me here? Who could know where I am?"

Taking the letter, she passed it to Mrs. Goulding.

"Won't you please open it for me. I am quite helpless"---glancing at her arm---"I wonder who it can be from."

Leisurely the old lady adjusted her glasses, cut the end of the envelope, unfolded the letter and returned it to Marcella, who hurriedly glanced over the few badly-written lines. Then uttering an exclamation of astonishment, she read the letter aloud:

"1423 ---th Avenue, New York City.

"Miss Keith:---If you wish to know how your father died and have his money restored to you, come to me at once, and witness my dying declaration. Don't delay if you wish to see me before I die, and learn what I have to tell. I send a carriage. For God's sake, come, and ease a dying woman's last hours. Yours faithfully,

ABBIE KEENE.

("Your father's old servant.")

"What shall I do?" asked Marcella, in perplexity, her hand trembling so with agitation that the letter fluttered to the floor, unheeded.

Mrs. Goulding looked at her little chatelaine watch and pondered a moment. Then she replied earnestly:

"Go, by all means, child, and I will accompany you. I certainly would not permit you to go alone. It is now but 5 o'clock, and we can go and easily return by 6 o'clock. Mr. Goulding and Cuthbert will not return before that time. I think if you can learn more of your father's death and possibly have his money restored to you, it will be well worth your while."

"Oh, thank you, my more than friend!" exclaimed Marcella, her face aglow with excitement, and clasping the hand of her hostess warmly.

"The man is waiting for an answer," said the waiting-maid, respectfully, as she reappeared.

"Tell him we will be ready in a few moments."

"Tell Mr. Goulding we shall be back soon, Jane, should the gentlemen arrive before our return," said Mrs. Goulding, as they descended the steps and entered the hack which was in waiting.

The door of the carriage was closed, and, mounting his box, the Jehu gathered up his reins, and, with a crack of the whip, his horses started off briskly in the direction of the avenue.

After half an hour's sharp drive, they drew up at the front of a low, rambling brick structure at the end of the street.

The shutters were all closed and dusty, and the whole place seemed to breathe desolation and decay.

Springing lightly from his seat, Cabby opened the door, touching his hat respectfully.

"Shall I wait, Ma'am?" he inquired.

"Yes---I think so---we shall not remain long."

Ascending the steps, Cabby rang the bell. A red-faced, unprepossessing, masculine-looking woman appeared.

As the chill atmosphere from the hall struck them, and the odor of mould reached their nostrils, they drew back.

"Is this Miss Keith?" inquired the woman, in a heavy voice, as she swung the door wide open.

"It is: I am Miss Keith," replied Marcella.

"Come right in. Mistress Keene is werry anxious ter see yer, Miss," and the woman led the way along a dark hall, into an inner room, lighted by a single tallow dip. The attendant, who was no other than Joe, then retired to the hall.

As the ladies entered the apartment, they looked about them.

In one corner of the room, upon a squalid bed, a woman was lying, her head so swathed that her face could scarcely be seen.

"Sarah, you may go out," came in a faint voice from the bed.

"Your servant has retired," replied Marcella as she advanced to the bedside.

"Take a seat, Miss."

Marcella took the proffered chair, Mrs. Goulding remaining by the door.

It was a gruesome scene. There was no furniture save the bed, chair and a rickety old stand upon which stood the tallow dip, while the rays of the feeble light cast shadows on the dirty walls, making the place inexpressibly drear.

Ah, let us pass over, and begin the sick woman. A racking cough interrupted her speech, and for several seconds she seemed unable to proceed. Then came an interval of silence.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a sound of a smothered scream, followed by a dull thud.

Springing to her feet, Marcella turned. Her friend had disappeared. Almost fainting with terror, Marcella started for the door. Ere she could reach it, her flight was cut short.

She was grasped from behind, and her head enveloped in a thick blanket, bound down tightly with a cord.

She tried to scream, but her excruciating pain from her broken arm, and the fumes of the chloroform with which the inside of the blanket was wet overcame her---she felt her senses leaving her---she reeled, and fell into the extended arms of her captor---Dick Mellor.

"Aha, my fine lady!" he chuckled, maliciously, "perhaps you'll escape from me again! I've got you this time where Young Hercules won't interfere. You'll learn to love me all right, all right---"

His soliloquy was interrupted by convulsive sobbing. Glancing angrily towards the bed, from which the sobs proceeded, he growled:

"Here! Get up there, curse you! Get up here, Roxie, and help me!"

Roxie threw back the bed clothes and arose from the bed, her face red with

He strove to rise but sank back weakly.

weeping.

"Blast your hide, hurry around here! I don't want to kill this girl, and that stuff is strong. We haven't got a year to work in, either! Get out there and see what Joe's done with the other one—and be cussed quick about it, too!"

As Dick spoke, he appeared in the doorway, a grimace distorting his ugly, mocking face, making it look more hideous, if possible, than before.

"Nearly trouble your head, Dick; she's all right; I've checked the breath out of her, and she won't recover for fifteen or twenty minutes, at least. I've left her in the couch; then the door unlocked so she can get out when she comes to. We'd better be makin' tracks out o' here with the real, afore someone comes along as yer don't wanter see. But where can yer keep her, and what are yer going to do with her, now yer've got her?"

"None of your dorgoned business!" snapped Dick with an oath. "Who's running this thing, anyway?"

Dick raised the light form as easily as if it were that of a child, and pressed Mamie Rozie, who carried the candle, passed through the next room, descended a flight of steps leading to the basement Kitchen, where he placed his unconscious burden on an old settee.

"Better take that rag off her head, first thing," he said, and with his pocket-knife he quickly severed the rope that bound her, throwing back the thick, heavy mass of golden hair, pale, purple and swollen.

The twain started back in affright at sight of the distorted features, apparently fixed in death.

Rozie's face turned ashen, and her heart grew faint within her.

"My God! She must thought chilled her blood.

"Dick, Dick! My God, she's dead! and we have killed her!" The woman's voice rose almost to a shriek, and the strong arm of the Mechanic was in an instant by her side, raising the return of his fares.

"Shut up, you fool! You'll have the police after us before we can get away!" Melror took the knife-cut flat at his side, who shrunk back, glancing fearfully at the body lying so still.

"We must get here out of here, and then see what we can do to help her to."

Chafing her hands and limbs, the two worked over her for some time, without any appearance of returning life, and finding a flask from his pocket, Dick poured a few drops of whisky between the pallid lips.

Suddenly there came the sound of trampling of heavy feet in the hall above, followed by a rough pounding at the door.

Springing to his feet, Melror rushed to the oak buffet, which occupied one corner of the apartment, threw the door open, took out a screw-driver and some large screws, that had hastily dropped into the coat pocket.

"Twelve lucky for me that I worked on this old rattletrap of a house a few years ago," he muttered, with a quick review of his powerful arms, he pulled the heavy oak cupboard from its place, revealing an aperture.

"Quick, Dick! Into the hole with her! The police have found the other women, and Joe, who had been guarding the staircway, could easily forward.

Seizing the unfortunate Marcella, they dragged her hastily through the aperture, a dark musty passageway, just as the cellar door was burst open, and the voices of angry men came down the stairway.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Cuthbert's face paled slightly; then his lips compressed with a sudden resolve. His hand was raised, and in the air, a knife gleamed brightly in the sunlight for an instant, then with a blade was buried up to the glossy neck of the infuriated animal.

A few rods further the wounded beast bounded impetuously, its sides reeking with perspiration; then his steps faltered as the life-blood streamed from the gaping wound; his head drooped, he staggered and fell, but on the edge of the docks.

Other cheer rent the air; the crowd which had followed the runaway had gained in number and as the carriage came to a halt, eager hands were outstretched to assist the beautiful woman who emerged gracefully from it.

As she turned to thank her gallant rescuer, he put out his hands blindly, reeled and fell heavily to the ground, his head striking on a stone. The excitement had been too intense, and for the first time in his life, Cuthbert Reynolds fainted.

The blood gushed from an ugly cut above the eye, and the unconscious youth was carried to the nearest drug store and a doctor summoned.

Upon his arrival, the cut was stitched and the head bandaged; but it was a long time ere Cuthbert regained consciousness.

When, at last, his eyelids unclosed, it was to look up into the most beautiful face he had ever seen, the dark, magnetic eyes almost enthralling him with their power-ful, tender glances.

"If you will give me your address, I will order a carriage, and take you home," she said, in a soft, winning tone, accompanied by another bewildering tender look from her starry eyes.

"No. 12 — street," replied Cuthbert, faintly, adding in a voice so weak and low as to barely reach to the ear of the bystander as the clerk. "Please telephone for a carriage immediately. I will see that this young hero, to whose bravery I owe my life, is taken to his home, at once."

"Certainly, Miss," and the clerk hastened to do her bidding.

It was but a short time before the carriage arrived, and Cuthbert was assisted to it by Claudia Melrose, placing herself on the seat beside him.

"24 —— street," was her order.

Cuthbert leaned back in a corner of the carriage, then a deadly pallor o'erspread his face, and with a gasp, his head fell forward upon his breast. He had again fainted—this time from weakness and loss of blood.

Supporting him with her arm, Mme. Melrose rapped on the glass, and gave the backman a new direction—"39 T— avenue."

"Who in the Old Harry has Madame Melrose got hold of now?" soliloquized the backman, as he mounted to his seat. "What is she taking him to her house for? She's got another new beau, I'll bet!"

Thus ruminating, Jack Dawson cracked his whip and the hack rolled rapidly away, soon arriving at its destination, where the still unconscious youth was conveyed by a handsomely furnished room and placed upon a couch.

Touching the electric button to summon a servant, Mme. Melrose took a seat by the couch.

"Telephone for Dr. Sampson, at once," she said to the servant who appeared, "then bring me my camphor bottle and lavender salts."

Until the physician's arrival, Mme. Melrose busied herself in restoring Cuthbert to consciousness. Her efforts were finally rewarded; his eyelids quivered, then his eyes opened and the pale lips moved, as he said, faintly:

"Water!"

He strove to rise, but sank back weakly, moaning, "Where am I?"

"Never mind, you are safe with friends. I will send a message to your mother, and you must not think of going home as soon as you're able," replied Mme. Melrose, as she placed the glass of water, with his pocket-knife he quickly severed the rope that bound her, throwing back the thick, heavy mass of golden hair, pale, purple and swollen.

"Dr. Sampson is here, and will be up directly," Mme. Melrose said, apparently fixed in death.

Rozie's face turned ashen, and her heart grew faint within her.

"My God! She must thought chilled her blood.

"Dick, Dick! My God, she's dead! and we have killed her!" The woman's voice rose almost to a shriek, when the strong arm of the Mechanic was in an instant by her side, raising the return of his fares.

"Shut up, you fool! You'll have the police after us before we can get away!" Melror took the knife-cut flat at his side, who shrunk back, glancing fearfully at the body lying so still.

"We must get here out of here, and then see what we can do to help her to."

Chafing her hands and limbs, the two worked over her for some time, without any appearance of returning life, and finding a flask from his pocket, Dick poured a few drops of whisky between the pallid lips.

Suddenly there came the sound of trampling of heavy feet in the hall above, followed by a rough pounding at the door.

Springing to his feet, Melror rushed to the oak buffet, which occupied one corner of the apartment, threw the door open, took out a screw-driver and some large screws, that had hastily dropped into the coat pocket.

"Twelve lucky for me that I worked on this old rattletrap of a house a few years ago," he muttered, with a quick review of his powerful arms, he pulled the heavy oak cupboard from its place, revealing an aperture.

"Quick, Dick! Into the hole with her! The police have found the other women, and Joe, who had been guarding the staircway, could easily forward.

Seizing the unfortunate Marcella, they dragged her hastily through the aperture, a dark musty passageway, just as the cellar door was burst open, and the voices of angry men came down the stairway.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER.

Cuthbert's face paled slightly; then his lips compressed with a sudden resolve. His hand was raised in the air, a knife gleamed brightly in the sunlight for an instant, then with a blade was buried up to the glossy neck of the infuriated animal.

A few rods further the wounded beast bounded impetuously, its sides reeking with perspiration; then his steps faltered as the life-blood streamed from the gaping wound; his head drooped, he staggered and fell, but on the edge of the docks.

Other cheer rent the air; the crowd which had followed the runaway had gained in number and as the carriage came to a halt, eager hands were outstretched to assist the beautiful woman who emerged gracefully from it.

As she turned to thank her gallant rescuer, he put out his hands blindly, reeled and fell heavily to the ground, his head striking on a stone. The excitement had been too intense, and for the first time in his life, Cuthbert Reynolds fainted.

The blood gushed from an ugly cut above the eye, and the unconscious youth was carried to the nearest drug store and a doctor summoned.

Upon his arrival, the cut was stitched and the head bandaged; but it was a long time ere Cuthbert regained consciousness.

When, at last, his eyelids unclosed, it was to look up into the most beautiful face he had ever seen, the dark, magnetic eyes almost enthralling him with their power-ful, tender glances.

"If you will give me your address, I will order a carriage, and take you home," she said, in a soft, winning tone, accompanied by another bewildering tender look from her starry eyes.

"No. 12 —— street," replied Cuthbert, faintly, adding in a voice so weak and low as to barely reach to the ear of the bystander as the clerk. "Please telephone for a carriage immediately. I will see that this young hero, to whose bravery I owe my life, is taken to his home, at once."

"Certainly, Miss," and the clerk hastened to do her bidding.

It was but a short time before the carriage arrived, and Cuthbert was assisted to it by Claudia Melrose, placing herself on the seat beside him.

"24 —— street," was her order.

Cuthbert leaned back in a corner of the carriage, then a deadly pallor o'erspread his face, and with a gasp, his head fell forward upon his breast. He had again fainted—this time from weakness and loss of blood.

Supporting him with her arm, Mme. Melrose rapped on the glass, and gave the backman a new direction—"39 T— avenue."

"Who in the Old Harry has Madame Melrose got hold of now?" soliloquized the backman, as he mounted to his seat. "What is she taking him to her house for? She's got another new beau, I'll bet!"

Thus ruminating, Jack Dawson cracked his whip and the hack rolled rapidly away, soon arriving at its destination, where the still unconscious youth was conveyed by a handsomely furnished room and placed upon a couch.

Touching the electric button to summon a servant, Mme. Melrose took a seat by the couch.

"Telephone for Dr. Sampson, at once," she said to the servant who appeared, "then bring me my camphor bottle and lavender salts."

Until the physician's arrival, Mme. Melrose busied herself in restoring Cuthbert to consciousness. Her efforts were finally rewarded; his eyelids quivered, then his eyes opened and the pale lips moved, as he said, faintly:

"Water!"

He strove to rise, but sank back weakly, moaning, "Where am I?"

"Never mind, you are safe with friends. I will send a message to your mother, and you must not think of going home as soon as you're able," replied Mme. Melrose, as she placed the glass of water to his lips. "Now try and rest yourself, and you'll be better soon."

A tap at the door, and Dr. Sampson was ushered in.

"It's nothing serious; a bad scalp-wound; he fainted from loss of blood. He'll be ready for business in a day or two. In the meantime, give him this," and, leaving some powders with the servant, with few directions for their use, the doctor left the room, followed by the servant.

Upon reaching the lower hall, he paused, hat in hand, and looked inquiringly into the face of the lady.

Her rose-leaf face took on a deeper tint, as she met his gaze steadily for a few seconds at the toe of her tiny shoe. Then raising her head, she answered his look with a smile, her magnificent black eyes shining like twin stars, and her whole face aglow with pride and the heroic act of the young man who had so gallantly risked his life to save her.

"And you propose to reward his bravery by having him fall in love with you, and ask King him his hand in a few days, and, with a sarcastic laugh, Dr. Sampson passed through the vestibule, as if half-undecided to return.

Then, setting his teeth hard together, a look of anger overspread his usually calm countenance, and, descending the steps, he entered his carriage.

"I am sorry for him, poor fellow, when he met that siren, Claudia Melrose. Better for him had he died on the docks than to fall under her spell. She spares neither friend nor foe, that I have not yet forgotten," he added, bitterly, "how she led me on with a quick review of all

"Where do you live?"

"Six miles north of Boonville."

"Who are you for?" was the next demand; meaning, in the parlance of the time, "What are your political sentiments?"

"Well, sir," was the deliberate answer, "I don't know that you'll find anybody that is stronger 'Secesh' than I am, and my friend here is of my way of thinking."

There was a short consultation among the partisans, a strict watch being meanwhile kept upon the two "farmers." Then the result of the council of war was communicated briefly to the latter; they might be good "Secesh," but then again they might not; and their captors thought it best to search them.

Resistance was of course worse than useless, and the two messengers quietly submitted to the search; though protesting their strong southern sympathies, their services already rendered to the confederacy, and their intention to join Price as soon as it would be possible to get to him. All the time they devoutly hoped that no evil genius would prompt the Rebs to explore the innermost recesses of their hats and boots.

At last, however, the search was concluded and the dispatches were not found; their place of hiding had not even been suspected.

"Sorry to have searched you, gentlemen," apologized the leaders, but the d—d Yankees are up to so many tricks that we can never tell when to believe what a man says."

The messengers gravely acknowledged the apology, and the two parties separated. The federals began to congratulate themselves upon their lucky escape, with the loss of nothing more valuable than a number of Bank-bills, which one of them had chanced to have in his pocket, and which the Butternuts had not suspected. They would probably reach Independence unmolested, they said one to the other; for they had already come five miles from the scene of the encounter with the guerillas, and had but fifteen more to go.

But even while they were thus congratulating themselves a new danger was approaching. Crossing a neck of woods, they had just emerged upon the open prairie again when they saw seven horsemen riding toward them, and heard the command to halt. The newcomers were but fifty yards away.

"I'll play crazy," whispered Storey, hurriedly, to his companion, "and you can be my companion taking home from the St. Louis." Drawing one eye down in a manner peculiar to himself, his face assumed a comical expression; the saliva was allowed to flow down upon his dusty beard, while the ragged locks of hair which strayed down nearly into his eyes completed the picture. As they came nearer he leaped from his horse and ran toward them.

"Don't mind him," called Waters, as soon as some of the Butternuts drew their pistols, "he's crazy as a loon."

Storey bore out this description by his behavior, with the peculiarly quick, pitiful smile of a half-witted person, he caressed their horses, fingered their weapons admiringly, and seemed to endeavor, in many ways, to win their good graces. The men looked on him with a sort of good-natured contempt; he was too evidently the genuine article for them to entertain any suspicion regarding him, at least. On his companion, however, they looked with less confidence.

"Where did you come from, and where are you going?" demanded the leader.

"I've come from St. Louis, just now with my brother here," replied Waters, "he's been in the insane asylum there, but there wasn't any use of keeping him shut up, and we hated to have him so far away as was times. There's no telling what will happen."

Storey had been busily caressing a beautiful black pony, ridden by one of the rebs. He appeared to understand dimly that he was the subject of which his brother was speaking, and looked around upon all present with a vacant smile on his face.

"Where do you live?"

"In Jackson county, just this side of the Kansas border." But the more serious part of the proceedings was here stopped, to witness Storey's performances; after much petting of the pony he suddenly left it and went up to his own poor old horse. Thes animal, almost broken down, was gravely led up to the rider of the pony, whom the "crazy man" invited to exchange. The whole proceeding was watched with much interest upon the part of the other six.

"D——d if I trade horses with you," exclaimed the rider of the pony.

"Just see how hell dar," said the captain to the other. The man somewhat reluctantly dismounted, and Storey, with many broken exclamations of delight, mounted the pony and was about to ride off.

But the Butternut was not at all willing that the fun should go any further at his expense, and pursuing after Storey, pulled him roughly from the saddle.

The better to act out the assumed character, the federal turned furiously upon the other, and was about to fight him. The confederate retreated at a somewhat rapid pace to his comrades. After him went the pretended simple fellow, who grasped a stick as he ran, and the owner of the pony came dangerously near beiabored.

In the meantime the sport had palled somewhat, and they had turned to more serious business. Waters was subjected to what they called a thorough search, but which was not so thorough as they supposed, as the dispatches wholly escaped their observation. Of course it was useless to search a man just released from the insane asylum, and accused not to have sense enough to be intrusted with any secret or anything of importance.

Having made sure that there was nothing contraband about Waters, they turned to watch, with an appreciative eye, the contest which Storey was still waging for the possession of the pony, urging him on to fight, very much as they might have incited a gamecock or a bulldog.

"Don't provoke him, please," pleaded the brother; "it only makes him worse, and He may get no furious there'll be no doing anything with him. Come, Billy, get on your horse and let's go home. This is your horse, you know."

But Billy would not, and it was only by the assistance of one of the Butternuts that his brother was able to get away from the pony and on his own steed. The confederates left them to take their way onward, and rode off in an easterly direction, frequently looking back to see if the "crazy fellow" had any notion of coming after the pony to which he had taken such a fancy. But with the fickleness of his kind, he seemed to have been pacified by some of the glowing promises of which his brother had, even in their presence, been lavish; at any rate, he seemed to have given up the idea of getting the animal.

Had they known that when once the two were fairly out of sight, he would brush his hair from his forehead, and in all other ways lay aside his insanity, and gallop off at full speed, they might have been even more sure. But of course they had no means of knowing this, and the two messengers reached Independence in safety

Dandruff can be Cured.

Dandruff is a disease of the scalp and can be removed with but little trouble. The head should be thoroughly washed in warm water and green soap. This washing should be done once a week. Rub the scalp good and hard. Get down to the roots of the hair. Then rinse in cold water. Rub the head till it is dry with a coarse towel. This will not only remove the dandruff, but will prevent the hair from falling out by toning up the scalp. This action will likewise have a beneficial effect on the general health.

Cannot Move Them.

No girl can become such a clever elocutionist that she can bring tears to the eyes of those who have been neighbors to her all her life.

Excited Nerves

The ills peculiar to women act on the nerves like a firebrand.

Many women become nervous through menstrual suffering. The advice and help of Mrs. Pinkham have relieved the tension in countless households and great numbers of women owe their present health and comfort to her.

Mrs. Emilie Schneider, 1244 Helen Ave., Detroit, Mich., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been taking your Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills and feel wonderfully strengthened. Before using your remedies I was in a terrible state; felt like fainting every little while. I thought I must surely die. But now, thanks to your remedies, those feelings are all gone."

Mrs. Anna E. Hall, of Hilldale., Conn.,

was all run down in health and had completely lost control of her nerves. She wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Now she writes:

"I wish to thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It has helped me more than anything else. Before I wrote to you I suffered for a long time with nervousness, pains in back and limbs and falling of the womb; also had neuralgia in my head and could not sleep. I told my husband that something must be done, for I was nearly frantic with pain. Having read of the wonderful cures Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had performed, I determined to try it. I have taken it and am happy to say I am cured. I recommend it to all my friends and never tire of telling the benefit I have derived from its use. I have you alone to thank for my recovery."

How Mrs. Weaver Was Helped.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had inflammation of the womb and painful menstruation, and by your advice I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Have taken four bottles and used one package of Sanative Wash, and feel like a new woman. I thank you so much for what your medicine has done for me."—Mrs. Susie J. Weaver, 1821 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

An Iowa Woman's Story.

"It is with pleasure that I write and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had been doctoring for two years and no medicine ever did me so much good as yours. I tried three doctors, and the last one said nothing but an operation would help me. My trouble was profuse flowing; sometimes I would think I would flow to death. I was so weak that the least work would tire me. Reading of so many being cured by your medicine, I made up my mind to write to you for advice and I am so glad that I did. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and followed your directions, and am now well and strong. I shall recommend your medicine to all, for it saved my life."—Miss A. P., Box 21, Abbott, Iowa.

An invitation is open today as it has been for a quarter of a century, write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and receive her counsel free.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, A Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

THE RED MACHETE.

The Fair Conspirator of Porto Rico---A Secret League Oath-Bound to Freedom---Love, Wrong, and Retribution.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

(Copyrighted 1898.)

SYNOPSIS.

Colonel Frank Delgarde, an American, has married a wealthy Porto Rico lady and has a beautiful daughter, Rosella, by name. He has lived in Porto Rico some twenty years. Don Ramon Quesada, a Spaniard, wishes to marry the girl, but Delgarde refuses him his daughter. Willis Talbot, to Delgarde is termed by chumley, but he has evidence that Delgarde had once committed a crime on account of which he would serve twenty years before, but Delgarde denies the piece and runs the plantation. That mail carries and defies the Spanish house, the American governor's decree, and takes breaks open the papers, but is surprised by an order to Delgarde to be sent to Spain. Delgarde escapes, but is arrested and imprisoned in the fortress, charged with conspiracy against the Spanish government. His wife and daughter disappear.

Florida Plantation and ask Delgarde to accompany him, and take his family if he would, for the Rover was a very fast ocean yacht, with every comfort for a long voyage, while as staunch in heavy weather as an ocean greyhound.

Landing on a rocky point the gig ran ashore, just as the sun went down, and Captain Talbot took the lantern the coxswain had brought along and led it among the rocks.

"I do not believe we are going to have bad weather, coxswain, but if we do Officer Hudson will run in San Juan harbor, and Colonel Delgarde will drive me there to-morrow; but keep your eyes upon the vessel here for a signal from the lantern as late at twelve tonight."

"Aye, aye, sir," and the coxswain saluted, for it was man-of-war discipline aboard the Rover, and yet, strict discipline though it was aboard ship, Willis Talbot was the idol of his crew.

Climbing the rocks, Talbot had just light enough to find the path leading from the bluff to the Florida house, which he had traversed with Colonel Delgarde on his former visit.

There was a rustic harbor upon the bluff, and frequently a man-of-war's gig, or a colonel and his family when they wished to enjoy the beautiful marine view, or watch out before them in the Atlantic in placid humor or lashed to fury by a storm.

After watching the Rover and the returning gig until night fell, the young yachtsman turned and walked toward the house, the distant grove of palms in whose shelter the villa stood, the moon filled the human with a mere arose and shed its light upon his way. a balmy breeze fanned his cheeks and the perfume of many flowers filled the air. A night-bird was singing in some foliage near, and Talbot paused along and to behold single light.

This seemed a beacon of welcome to him, and he paused enraptured at the beauties of the scene about him.

He halted in the shadow of an orange tree and stood thus enjoying the scene when suddenly he was aware of a man creeping toward the villa, directly in line with the open window from which shone the light.

The man carried a gun, was crouching as he walked stealthily along, and to Willis Talbot he looked like one bent upon mischief, perhaps to perpetrate some unfriendly deed.

In an instant he had made up his mind to act, and noiselessly followed the crouching form as he neared the villa, when he suddenly sprang upon him and dealt him a blow that felled and stunned him.

CHAPTER X.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Willis Talbot was not a man to mince matters with one he believed to be a villain.

Seeing the prostrate form of the man in the villa grounds and creeping toward the window in which shone a light, he felt that he was no friend to the house, and he dealt him a blow that was a severe one. If he was not dead, he felt that he would be able to make ample amends for his act, but to save trouble he would put the fellow out of the way.

"He'll soon come round," he muttered, as he saw that the man was insensible, and then, to make sure of him as he bent his hands around his neck, and bound them there securely with the strap of the man's gun, he left him for a time, and the villa, while he made the discovery also that the fellow was in uniform.

"Why, confound the fellow, he's a soldier, and made some great mistake," he muttered, and he at once determined that it was his duty to rise, uttering an oath as he did so in Spanish.

Captain Talbot spoke Spanish perfectly, and he replied in the same language:

"What are you doing here?"

The man, seeing the uniform of the American, believed that he was speaking to a Spanish officer, and said:

"I am here by order of General Santa Sara, senor, to watch the Delgarde villa."

"For what reason?"

"Since the Colonel Delgarde has been arrested as a conspirator, senor, the governor-general has a guard over the villa."

This was a surprise not only for Captain Talbot, but he wished to know more and not betray his own identity, so he said:

"I am an officer, as you see, and I am here for the same purpose, but Colonel Delgarde should have told me he had a guard here. Who is with you?"

"Two more soldiers are over in a secret camp, half a mile away, senor; we are on duty only one at a time, and our orders are not to allow the family of Colonel Delgarde to know of our presence by day or night."

"I see; but I will ascertain first if what you say is true before I relieve you, as you were creeping up to the villa when I saw you."

"Yes, senor, I did not wish to be seen."

"Well, I will leave you here until I know more, for I have a duty also to perform, my man."

So saying, the American looked well to the man's hands, to see that they were secure, and then taking his silk handkerchief he secured the feet of his prisoner so that he could not run away. The Spanish soldier begged for his freedom, said he would remain right there if he would release him, but Talbot was determined to take no chance.

His was amazed and pained to know that the friend he had come to see was in prison as a conspirator, and that his family were under the eyes of the military; but he would see what it meant, and if he could be of any service to the wife and daughter of Colonel Delgarde. With this intention he left his prisoner and moved on to the mansion, ruptions at the door.

A native negro, large of stature and intelligent, opened the door and asked politely the wish of the visitor.

"I desire to see Colonel Delgarde."

The negro looked surprised, but replied that the colonel was not at home.

"I would like to see Colonel Delgarde then."

"The senora is receiving no visitors, senor, nor is the senorita."

"Will you take my card to the Senora Delgarde, and ask her to see me, for I have just arrived in Porto Rico?"

The negro bowed and obeyed, leaving the American outside of the door, which he closed, but in a minute after he returned, and asked Captain Talbot to enter the villa, leading him to a large room. Presently he was met by the Senora Delgarde, pale and haggard, and looking years older than when recently old, for her wealth of hair was snow white.

She had met the American on his former visit to her husband and remembered him well, so she greeted him warmly, but with deep emotion, then turning to present him to the beautiful Rosella.

Never in all his wanderings had Willis Talbot looked upon a lovelier face, and he form As Rosella Delgarde then appeared to him, and she welcomed him with a grace that showed she was glad to meet her father's friend.

Then the young yachtsman told why he had come to Porto Rico, that his yacht lay off the harbor, and he was at the lady's command to find Colonel Delgarde at home.

He also told of having met the Spanish soldier, whose conduct had led him to believe he was engaged in some plot to do injury, and he said:

"I shall see to it that he gives you no trouble from this evening; but why, may I ask, will not you and the senorita go with me? There is a storm coming on, for if General Santa Sara persecutes the colonel as he has done, I suppose, you will be no safer from his acts, and it would be better if you have a home to go to, rather than to suffer from the unfriendly treatment of the senor as an American citizen, even if you are the wife and daughter of a traitor, for yourselves. My cruise to Venezuela is ended, and I shall gladly take you there if it to see you to a place of safety."

Mother and daughter looked at each other in a way that showed that the words of the American impressed them, and the daughter said:

"I would like to get my daughter to a place of safety, senor."

"Mother, my safety means that I must be free to act for your father, for I believe if we remained here at the plantation we would be followed by spies, and it would be unable to do one act for the good of my father, and, if I have a chance to get an escape to a safe place of retirement, I will make the attempt. Let me tell you that I am a good fighter, and I have a crew of fifty men aboard the Rover, well armed, and I am not afraid of facing a force of soldiers for your sake. My cruise to Venezuela is ended, and I shall gladly take you there if it to see you to a place of safety."

Mother and daughter looked at each other in a way that showed that the words of the American impressed them, and the daughter said:

"I would like to get my daughter to a place of safety, senor."

"Mother, my safety means that I must be free to act for your father.

garde, the three servants were quickly reassured by Willis Talbot, his eyes seeming to look into their hearts as they rested upon the face of each one.

He was a reader of men, human nature had been a deep study with him, and he was satisfied with his reading of the characters of the three servants, though he did not say as much.

They were quickly told of what had been decided upon, and what had to be done, and Neptune, who had been Colonel Delgarde's trusted body servant, having traveled with him everywhere he had gone and who spoke English well, said that the party could leave at once, but there was much to carry, as the senora and senorita must be made comfortable.

"Have you a wagon and horse here at the villa?" asked Talbot.

"Yes, senor captain."

"Then get it ready, and do you, Neptune, see to loading it, while I go to the coast with the senora and the others, and I will have my men ashore to meet you and the larger boats on hand to carry the things out to the yacht."

"Yes, senor captain; I will have all in readiness," was the answer, and within a quarter of an hour the ladies, Mara and Nanita, led by Talbot and all carrying bundles, started for the bluffs, the prisoner being found where he had been left and his feet having been set free, he was made to accompany the party, which he did with

"Your prisoner is not a Spanish soldier, but Senor Rafael Valdos, disguised as such, and he is the confidential aide de-camp of General Jaime Sara, and a man of great influence."

"Ah! he will be a valuable hostage then, for your father's safety," replied Talbot, and he was turning to go on deck when Rozalla handed to him a large silk flag and said:

"Senor, I present you this flag for your yacht; if is one I made and is the emblem of the secret of Porto Rican patriots—the Red Machete."

It was this flag that was raised the next day over the deck of the Rover, when she sped away from the little Spanish cruiser, which had been sent after her, when beclamed off the coast.

When Officer Hudson had set sail on the yacht, in obedience to Captain Talbot's orders, at first she glided swiftly along over the water. But she had not gone far from the coast before the sails gave a sudden flap and the wind had died out without any warning, as is often the case in those waters, while it also rises into a hurricane with equal suddenness.

Talbot had left his cabin to his guests, with Mara and Nanita, had seen to the comfort of Neptune, and learning who his prisoner was, at once had him given a berth in the officers' quarters of the yacht, where he himself also went.

But the sudden dying away of the wind

"I shall not leave until father is a free man or executed."

bowed head and dejected mien.

Arriving at the bluff Talbot found the lantern and signaled the yacht, the gig quickly coming ashore and the party were safely on board.

With all the boats Talbot then returned to the shore and arrived just as the giant negro drove up with the heavily-loaded wagon.

It was quickly unloaded, two of the seamen were sent back to the villa to aid Neptune with a second load, and the others carried the things off the yacht, Talbot awaiting on the shore.

Just at midnight the things were all on board, the gig waited for Neptune, who had gone to take the team back to the stables.

But he soon returned, and Willis Talbot gave orders to Officer Hudson to set sail, and then went into the cabin, to be met by Senorita Nanita.

"Captain Talbot, I have made a great discovery."

"And what is it, senorita, may I ask?"

caused him some alarm, for he did not care to be found off the Porto Rican coast when dawn came, as the Spanish that can be well understood.

"I fear we are in for it, sir," said Officer Hudson.

"It looks so; but we were not seen to make a landing, and unless the absence of the Spanish captain sets the hounds upon us we have nothing to fear."

But Willis Talbot was anxious, though he did not admit it.

Not for himself did he fear, but for his fair passengers, for he was an American, and his yacht was legally enrolled in the Chesapeake Yacht Club.

Still he might very well always under the Spanish flag, and if a cruiser was sent to board him, and the flight of the Delgardes being discovered, with the disappearance of Captain Rafael Valdos, be could but submit.

The morning dawned, and still the calm continued.

Then, away up on the coast a smoke was seen, running out of San Juan harbor, and soon after the little Spanish cruiser appeared in sight. As it drew nearer and the calm still held, Willis Talbot said to his prisoner:

"Captain Valdos, I do not intend to be boarded if I can avoid it, so I shall halt yonder cruiser, tell her commander that I have you aboard as a prisoner, and he can not put back to San Juan I will hang you up in the rigging of my vessel, and I mean just what I say."

The face of the Spaniard turned pale, but he made no reply, and turning to give orders to officers to prepare to carry out his threat, Talbot found Senorita Rozalla standing near him. She had heard his threat, and it showed her that he meant to save her mother and herself at all hazards. She made no comment, however, regarding his threat, but held in her hands the silk flag she had presented to him, while she said:

"See, senor captain, yonder comes a breeze and a good one. Dare you run this flag up over your yacht?"

The Stars and Stripes had not been hoisted at sunrise, as there was not a breath of air to float it, so Talbot called to Officer Hudson to spread every stitch of canvas on the yacht, to catch the splendid breeze rushing down upon them, and then said:

"You shall raise the Red Machete flag, senorita."

And thus the flag of the fair conspirator was unfolded to the breeze over the Rover's decks, as the fleet yacht went flying away from the Spanish cruiser, unheeding her fire as has been seen, and Willis Talbot became enrolled as an ally of the Porto Rican patriots.

This highly interesting story of life and daring in one of America's new possessions will be continued next week. The Ledger makes a splendid subscription offer on page fifteen.

He Saw the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years:

A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year went to the millionaire's office.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at.

"He'd have told me that now that I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."

A Rainy Day Game.

Pass ball is a jolly indoor game for rainy days when out-of-door sports are out of the question.

Pass ball is modeled after an old Indian sport. Any number may take part in it, the more the merrier. The players form in two sides, each taking half the floor space for its field. The players stand in rows about four feet apart, with other rows distant at least six feet.

At one end of the line, on a table or other receptacle, are placed eighteen small balls, nine for each side. The object of the game is to pass the balls along the rows of players from hand to hand. The start is made together, and, every player must pass each of the nine balls.

Where a great number are playing the game gets most exciting. The side which first returns all the balls to the stand wins the game. The balls are rapidly passed along the line, and the ball being caught and thrown so that the next player may get it. The quick following of the ball shows the ability of the player. To the uninitiated the game may seem an easy one, but in reality it requires not a little skill and a great deal of agility to win at it.

The players should dress as for any athletic game, and open the windows wide. It robs the game of its zest to get to play in drawing room toilets in close rooms.

A number of games can be played for a record, or prizes can be offered, to be awarded at the close of the contest.

A Counterfeit Cat.

A gentleman is worrying over a question something like this: "Which is the smarter, for a cat to think that the picture of a cat is a cat, or for a cat to know that a picture of a cat is not a cat?" and says:

"One day Thomas came into my room and jumped upon the table, but instead of lying down in his usual place he seemed much excited about something. I thought he heard a mouse in the wall, but still wondered at his attitude, for he looked as if ready to spring. Then I saw that he was looking at a booklet on the mantel near by. I took down the booklet to cut into shape a colored like a cat's head; in fact it is a good likeness of Tom himself. As he watched it every separate half an hour and stuck his back stood on end, and I thought we'd have a fight right away. So I took the booklet down and set it up against the pillow, where Thomas could have seen him approach it. He crouched low and crept a step or two nearer, then dodged back. This was done two or three times, when to my encouragingly, and he spunked up and advanced nearer to touch the picture with his nose.

"I thought it showed brilliancy of intellect for him to recognize a fellow-being; but the rest of the family is smart cat would know a piece of pasteboard from a cat. They never have appreciated my Thomas."

Where It Payed to Be Dunce.

A good story is told of Sir Walter Scott. It seems that he was far from being a brilliant scholar, and at school he was actually at the head of the other end of the class. After he had finished he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former exploits. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the writer and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After a while Scott said:

"But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me."

The teacher called up a poor fellow who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor.

"Are you the dunce?" asked Scott.

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Well, my good fellow," said Scott, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

By the way he starts out we infer that President Loubet intends to cure France of its crisis habit.

LIFE SAVED BY SWAMP-ROOT:

The Wonderful New Discovery in Medical Science.

Swamp-Root, discovered by the eminent physician and specialist, Dr. Kilmer, has marvelous powers in promptly curing kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles.

Kidney trouble is responsible for more sickness and sudden deaths than any other disease. Your kidneys filter your blood and keep it pure.

By special arrangement with our paper, the Ledger, every reader who has not already tried it, will be sent free by mail, postpaid, a sample bottle of this famous discovery, Swamp-Root, also a book telling more about it and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact, their very lives, to the wonderful curative properties of Swamp-Root.

Be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Chicago Ledger when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is the great kidney remedy is what you need you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles at the drug stores of every civilized country.

A Pleasant Thing.

"Well, yas," explained a prominent citizen of Arkansaw to the query of a prospective land purchaser, "we have considerable agues here. It hain't the pleasantest thing in the world, mebbe, but it has its advantages. When yo' have a chill yore shakin' amuses the baby, an' it saves a right smart sum, in the course of a year, in the cost of rattle boxes."

Give some agitators free lunch and they will manage to get along for a time without free speech.

THE HAIR TELLS ALL

IF SICK send a lock of your hair, name, age and sex and 4 cents in stamps and I will diagnose your case FREE and tell you what will cure your ailments. Address DR. J. C. DAYTHORY, Box 6, Grand Rapids, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

INGERSOLL WHEELS. $1.00 1899.

Send for Catalogue. Sent free. Prefix Highest Grade $25. Standard Guarantee. Mail Order Catalogue of Sporting Goods free. R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 7, 67 Cortlandt St., N. Y. C.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

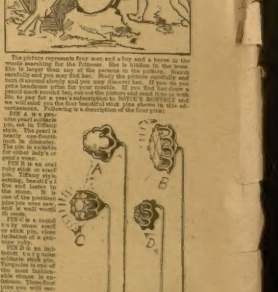
BABY CARRIAGES Shipped C. O. D. ANYWHERE

$7.50 BUYS this Handsome Reed Baby Carriage, as illustrated, finished in Tan or Green, with Rubber Tired Wheels, Full Length Body, Parasol to match, Full Length Storm Apron, Patent Brake, Etc. Same Carriage, with Gear Enameled Black, $8.50. Other Styles, $5.00 to $50.00. Send for free illustrated catalogue. CHAS. BUTLER, 64 West Van Buren Street, Rear Chicago, Ills.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PUZZLE

FIND THE PRINCESS.



The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse in the woods searching for the Princess. She is hidden in the trees. Can you find her? Any of the persons in the picture would gladly wed you may find her. Study the picture carefully and when you have found her, write her name on a slip of paper and send to Sunbonnet Babe for your reward. If you find her you will receive much reward but, cut out the picture and send it to us with your answer, and we will forward it to SUNBONNET BABE at once. And mind, get the first beautiful child you discover in the woods. Your reward for finding it is a description of the Princess.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY,

Puzzle Dept., BOYCE BLDG., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Another Great BLADE IS COMING NEXT WEEK. DEWEY DAY and CIRCUS DAY IN Fine Colored Pictures. SENTIMENT AND FUN

WITH THE SWORD.

BY ARTHUR PRESTON.

Never did my prospects seem worse or more gloomy than in the winter of 1886.

I had returned to England from a five years' sojourn in the more unsettled parts of British Columbia, after an unsuccessful pursuit of fortune in that land of gold, mountains and timber. It was at Felixstowe—that charming watering-place where my people then had a house—that I first came into relation with those who were afterwards to exercise such influence for good or evil on my life.

I was walking round the place renewing my acquaintance with the English life, when I was confronted with the most beautiful face I have ever seen. It belonged to a young girl of eighteen or nineteen, quietly dressed in green walking skirt and tan jacket, while her blue eyes looked out from a mass of golden hair, in turn surmounted by a sailor hat.

As her eyes for a moment met mine, I was conscious of that magnetic thrill which it was told afterwards my mother had exercised on all those with whom she came in contact. She was accompanied by a lady somewhat older than herself, and whom, from her likeness, I mentally set down as being, if not her sister, at any rate her near relative. As soon as my consciousness of it returned I turned and followed them, and noticed them enter a house which—as a perusal of Felixstowe visitors' list had duly brought and perused, informed me—was at present occupied by Mrs. Delaine.

I was both astonished and delighted at this, as this Mrs. Delaine was a person whom my mother had by common friends been asked to call.

That very afternoon, I determined, should obtain for me at least a bowing acquaintance with her. Alas for my modesty! Our visit at the bell produced a man-servant, who stated that Mrs. Delaine was away from home, and that the ladies for whom she would return. From then on I haunted the door about Felixstowe, meeting my divinity over and over again, but never once could I see that she betrayed the least knowledge that these frequent momentary meetings with me were other than the work of accident.

At last a day came when I no longer saw her. She walked up and down the promenade and through the town, Felixstowe and Walton, but to me it was empty, for the golden hair, the blue eyes, the tan jacket and the green skirt were no longer greeted my longing and expectant gaze.

* * * * *

It was in Piccadilly—that world in miniature, and there is scarcely one of us but encounters—that the first act of the drama took place of which the foregoing are merely the prelude.

I was strolling down the thoroughfare, nearly a month after the disappearance of my lady (for so I called her to myself), my thoughts indeed always full of her, when my own immediate affairs and one's harmonious ideals did not fill me—as I must her face to face. The thing was at once so natural and at the same time so coincident with my own thoughts, that I could do little more than stand before her.

It was nearly noon, and the well-dressed crowd jostled and pushed me as I stood there. Mechanically I turned to look at the man who was jostled by the lady who had been with her at Felixstowe, and the two, halting a moment, were forced away rapidly, leaving me staring stupidly after the fast disappearing rebels.

As I was retracing my steps I felt a tap on my shoulder. Turning, I perceived a man of about thirty-five or forty years of age, his keen grey eyes surrounded by heavy black eyebrows and lashes, while a big mustache almost hid his firm mouth and dropped down to his heavy chin.

"You know that lady?" he queried, more with the air of stating a fact than of asking a question.

"I know that I am not in the habit of answering lunatics, or impertinent strangers," I answered, hotly—for my love is hot at hasty, and the man's manner was abrupt.

"Nevertheless, you do know her," he answered, doggedly.

I turned, leaving the man there, and walked into Sackville street. I had not gone twenty yards, when I heard him crying step behind me.

"Sir, sir is danger, Mr. Darcy," he hissed into my ear.

Then I turned round, amazed at the man's knowledge of my name.

"And she needs help," he said, looking me full in the face.

"You know my name," was all I could say, stupidly.

"It is my business to know things," he said, impatiently; "but will you help her?" he added.

"Help whom, man?" I replied, testily.

"The lady who was at Felixstowe, and ten minutes ago got into a cab," he answered.

"But there were two," I said.

"Only one needs help," he replied, grimly; "the other—" His broke off abruptly.

"But come to my rooms where we can talk without interruption," he added.

I was so amazed that I followed the man unquestioningly to a quiet turning off Burlington street.

"Now," he said, when he had waved me to a chair and seated himself, "now we can talk freely.

"You ask for my help," I said, "and on behalf of some lady who is in danger. You talk in riddles, man; I——"

"Is it possible you do not know who she is?" he interrupted.

"No," I said, "I do not, nor do I know you either. All I know of the lady I can tell you in a few words," and then and there I told him of my meeting her at Felixstowe, my call at the house, her disappearance, and my recognition of her again in Piccadilly, which he himself had witnessed.

"But I have never spoken to her," I concluded.

"But of the lady with her?" he interrupted, eagerly, "the lady who met her in the street, and accompanied her in the hansom-cab, did you not recognize her?"

"The lady with her?" I repeated, slowly. "I hardly noticed her, and in truth I think I had indeed hardly done so, having no eyes for anyone but my lady, and beyond the fact that she was pretty (as indeed she must be to so closely resemble my lady) I had not paid any attention to her. "There was a lady closely resembling her," I said, "but I——"

"But I have never spoken to her," I concluded.

"But of the lady with her?" he interrupted, eagerly, "the lady who met her in the street, and accompanied her in the hansom-cab, did you not recognize her?"

"The lady with her?" I repeated, slowly. "I hardly noticed her, and in truth I think I had indeed hardly done so, having no eyes for anyone but my lady, and beyond the fact that she was pretty (as indeed she must be to so closely resemble my lady) I had not paid any attention to her. "There was a lady closely resembling her," I said, "but I——" I continued, "and at one time another woman, and once a child."

"Dark, and with a scar on one cheek?" interposed my companion.

"Yes," I answered, slowly, for now he mentioned it I remembered the peculiar scar on the fellow's cheek.

My companion mused for a few seconds, then—

"I had better give you the whole story," he said, and he began at once as follows:

"My name is Von Bieberstein, at one time—and for a short period—secretary to Princess Elsa, Hereditary Princess of Schwannenland. I was dismissed from her service through the machination and by the representations of a certain gentleman, though God knows Her Highness has no truer servant than I.

"The elder and younger of the two ladies you have seen; the elder is Her Highness first cousin, Princess Elsa, Hereditary Princess of Schwannenwald and heir after her cousin to the throne of that State, which is also her inheritance. She is an ambitious woman, and a fiend incarnate, but she is also a very beautiful. The man with the scar was her secretary, Von Zahn, and the two combined are as unscrupulous and as dangerous a couple as ever lived.

"But, man," I broke in, "we are in London, and in the nineteenth century. You talk as though Her Highness were to be in danger."

"So I don't," he answered, grimly, "I know it. Do you suppose crowns are less valuable now than in the fifteenth century, or that when a throne is at stake our hoarded wealth counts for more or less as easily as an old glove? It was a glimmering of this plot that cost me my place, and almost my life.

As he spoke he bared his chest, and showed me the mark of a wound, that of a bullet wound. "Fired, if not by the Grand Duke himself, at least by his direction," he said, with a grim smile. "But the question is, will you help her?

"I am a total stranger to you," I commenced, doubtfully.

"The affair at Eagle's Nest is not unknown even in Schwannewald," he said, with a smile.

I started. The affair to which he alluded had happened during my stay in British Columbia, when a party of three white men with a Chinese servant and a half-breed surrounded in a log cabin by hostile Indians. They were brought at some little risk to escort the lady to a place of safety.

Von Bieberstein rang, and ordered his man to bring up a bottle of champagne and glasses.

"I have a health to give you," he said; "you can wish, and I will drink to the man. When the glasses were filled, Von Bieberstein rose to his feet.

"To the health of Her Serene Highness the Princess Elsa," said he.

And confusion to her enemies. May she never lack a plain English gentleman to do her bidding for her, and for his lady and her own bonny face," I added, ecstatically.

Von Bieberstein looked at me for a moment, then—

"Spoken like the man of Eagle's Nest. Can you use a sword?" he said.

"I studied under Andreoli of Milan in '84," I said, "but——"

"That is all," he said, briefly, reaching a couple of foils from a corner.

We fought for several minutes, when with a quick movement he disarmed me with a wrench.

"You are well enough," he said. "Nay, do not look so downfallen, man." He continued, noticing my look. "It was but a trick of the wrist, and better men than you have deemed it no shame to Von Bieberstein to disarm them. Now, listen," he continued, laying aside his foil. "Tonight the Duchess Hedwig holds a council of the chief of her supporters in the house she and her sister, the princess, have taken in Great Coram Square, Bloomsbury. The council will be held after the Princess Elsa has retired to her own apartments in a different wing of the house. It is there I must see her, and lay such proof of the plot before her as will persuade her to fly. You, for your part, will be an unobserved observer of the duchess' council, for the double purpose of identifying the personal presence and of guarding me against possible interruption."

"But of the danger to the princess," I began, "is she not——"

"The fact of her being at liberty today is an indication that no immediate villainy is contemplated," broke in my companion. "But how in the world can she be harmed here in London?" I exclaimed. "She cannot be poisoned or shot, without the population exposing the whole dastardly plot. Quite a different penalties will be employed," he replied. "I have good reason for believing that dynamite will be——

"Dynamite!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Ay, dynamite, man!" he replied, grimly. "You have read of late how we are not in the seventeenth century and in a modern crime the perpetrator is not invariably one modern weapons."

"But how, man?" I commenced, by no means convinced.

"There are always the Anarchists," said my companion, "and London, thanks to the British government, is known to be a hot-bed of them. Her Highness has several times received threatening letters and for the rest the thing is easy. Come," he said, smiling, "you are or her side now, and not interfering. Meet me at the Great Coram Square tonight at ten, and bring a sword. Wear evening dress, as soon will hide the incongruity of the weapon in modern London. Then I may be able to put it, and for obvious reasons they will not use firearms."

"But——" I began, and paused, for I had a natural reluctance to confess to this mysterious stranger that the state of my purse precluded the purchasing of swords and the taking of cabs.

"Ah!" he said, smiling, and as usual divining my thoughts, "you are penniless, eh? Is that how it is?" Well, thank God, Schwannewald can afford to pay her champions, and I will be her banker can at any rate go properly equipped to the fight. And a brave maid is such a champion," and he looks on his last forth, or takes the gold from the table, and, with a flourish, a roll of notes on me.

"But I have a sword it," I objected.

"At any rate I think I can promise that before tomorrow evening you will have done so." He smiled and with a hearty grip of the hand, he waved me to the door. "Tonight at ten, then."

After a light meal I went out to make my preparations. These, I found, were few, as my hansom made its way through the crowded West End streets, and through Bloomsbury. About a hundred yards from Great Coram Square, my cab, as I had walked to the square, which, owing to the fog and the hour, was completely deserted. It was a gloomy spot, and Von Bieberstein was nowhere to be seen. As I strolled up and down, I wondered which house was my destination. A light touch on the arm recalled me, and turning I saw Von Bieberstein.

"We have a carriage at the corner waiting," he said, "and an hour, if all goes well, will see the princess and her lady safety. That is the house yonder," he said, pointing to a gloomy looking house on the opposite side of the square, standing between two others whose boards proclaimed them to be to let. The night was so foggy as deserted as its fellows had it not been for a faint light which glowed through the glass at the top of the front door. The man in the dark cloak, he continued:

"The apartments in use are at the back of the house," he added, pointing out at my elbow.

"How are we to get in?" I whispered.

"I have arranged all that," he said, softly. "One of Her Highness' women has left a basement window open. We shall make our way down the area, enter the window, and ascend the back stairs till we stand inside that front door. You will then make your way up the main staircase till you come to a passage proceeding along this, you will come to a door on the right hand side. Open it, and you will see what you have to do."

"If in an hour you hear no alarm, make your way out as you come, but if you are attacked, guard that door by yourself by until I can come to you or send assistance. Therefore," he said, with a sigh, for he was no great lover of long speeches, "that is all, and should anything befall me, good-by, and remember the Eagle's Nest"—this with a smile. He gave me a hearty grip of the hand, and we made our way towards the house.

Everything came about as Von Bieberstein had said. Leaving our cloaks in the area, and with naked swords in our hands, we entered the window, and in a few minutes stood inside the door, the gas-jet of which I had seen from the square. A confused murmur came from above, and a dull light burned in the hall above our heads. Von Bieberstein pointed with his sword to the staircase before us, and with a nod I made my way towards it, holding my sword tightly in my hand. All was thickly carpeted, and my ascent was made without noise, and I soon found myself in the passage mentioned.

The voices grew more distinct as I proceeded, and at last, when I reached the door on the right, I could hear a word here and there. The door was a large one, but not so glimmer of light made its way out, so that I knew it was closed. I quietly pushed it open and entered. I found myself in a large bedroom with one of the window heavily curtained at one end, but my attention was riveted at the other, for immediately before me. Two heavy curtains, closely drawn together with brass and rings, divided the room from the apartment where they met, divided the room I was in from the apartment beyond.

Cautiously advancing towards these, I found a slight opening in the fold of the chinks to see into the room. Round a table, brilliantly lighted by a cluster of candles which immediately above it, were seated half a dozen men in court dress and full evening dress, and at the head of the table and on a seat slightly higher than the others, was a woman of about forty, who recognised as the companion of my lady of Felixstowe. She was in evening dress and a coronet of diamonds surrounded her head. Behind her were several pieces of furniture among which I recognised the White Eagle of the reigning house of Schwannenwald. She looked through the lorgnette and curiously at her.

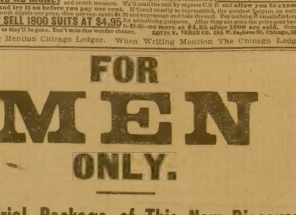
Standing behind her chair was the equerry Von Zahn, who at that moment was addressing her.

"I think we are all agreed, gentlemen," he was saying, "that the troublous times that must succeed the lamentable demise of His present Majesty, the throne of Schwannenwald will be vacant, and the chief head and a firm ruler, Regent is, of course, the princess Elsa, who has been so at always go together. When they are all united together, he turned with respect to the duchess—"I, for my part, see no reason why they should not be.

His words seemed to have the assent of the men at the table, with the exception

$4.95 buys a Man's All Wool Suit
of Rich Blue Serge, warranted Best Fast Color, Guaranteed
not to Rip, Tear or Fade and looks to Others' best $10 Suits.
THE MATERIAL is Wells Bros.' Co.'s Famous Indigo Blue Serge,
EXPERT SUIT TAILORS
SEND NO MONEY
WE SELL 1800 SUITS AT $4.95
WE MAKE
Write for free
samples of cloth.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being sent out by mail. They write the State Medical Institute. They dared so because what has baffled for years against the mental and physical suffering of mankind—that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages of their remedy. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness, resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and manhood, weak back, varicocele, or any disorder of parts can now cure themselves at home. The remedy has a peculiarly grateful action of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has already cured thousands of cases. Write at once to the State Medical Institute, 664 Main Block Building, Buffalo, N. Y., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages, which will be complied with promptly. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men, who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that the recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

of one man who seemed about to speak. But the equerry, evidently divining this, went on quickly.

"Her Serene Highness," he said, "who has already deigned to give us many tokens that our humble counsels are not altogether unappreciated by her, has chosen to-night for a final attestation of this, and proposes to confer on the gentlemen here present the Royal Order of the Garter of Schwannenwald. Allow me, gentlemen, to be the first to congratulate you on this honor."

With this, he stepped to a side table and returned with a velvet box and a small velvet cushion, the former of which he handed to the duchess. She graciously placed her hand in the box and laid one of the glittering objects on the cushion, which the equerry immediately bore round to the first recipient, who, rising, fell on his knee at the duchess' chair, murmuring his thanks and devotion as he kissed her hand. The same thing happened until it came to the turn of the man who had been inclined to scoff at the first. Then I noticed a shade cross the duchess' face, and—

"How is this, sir!" she cried, angrily, to the equerry. "Is Count Heindrich to receive the order, or have some ill-timed pleasantry on your part?" and she held up the cushion.

"Your Highness misjudges me," answered the equerry, "the mistake is evidently a simple one, and one easily set right. I have your Highness' permission, and that of Count Heindrich, to proceed forthwith?" that gentleman, who was now scowling freely, nodded his assent.

"Nay, if that be all," broke in the duchess, quickly, "I crotify it, at any rate for the time,' and she rose from her seat and disappeared behind a large screen. A moment later she returned, holding something in her hand.

"After all, sir," to the giver, not the gift," she said, advancing with a blush to Count Heindrich, "and I vow the order quite ruinated," and she handed the pretty bauble to him. It was a dainty notion, cleverly conceived and cleverly carried out, and I could see from the flush that mantled the heavy face of the count that he was her slave from that time.

This incident hardly terminated, when there was a knock on the door of the room situated behind the couch table and immediately opposite where I stood, and the equerry hastily went out, closing the door behind him. He returned almost immediately, bearing a small scrap of paper, twisted in the form of a note, which he handed to the duchess, who opened and read it.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I am compelled to break up the meeting and to ask you to retire at once (and by the usual exit)."

As soon as their footsteps had died away, the duchess rose to her feet, and went slowly towards the wall. As she did so, the electric light in her room was suddenly extinguished, while mine became a blaze of light, and at the same time the heavy curtains dividing the rooms rolled wide apart.

The duchess regarded me for a minute with a quiet smile, then—

"Good evening, Mr. Darcy," she said; "our poor houses seem to have an attraction for you. I must say I ventue to point out that private houses in Bloomsbury are not such public resorts as the walks at Pelmanstone. Or perhaps," she went on, before I could open my mouth, "another trusty envoy to rangs—Heiff under my banner," and she pointed at my weapon.

I shook my head impatiently. "Your Highness knows well enough why I am here," I said, sternly.

"But that is just what Her Highness does not know," she said, petulantly. "Can it not be possible you are on the other side—on Baby Carl's side?"

"I am on the side where an English gentleman always is," I answered, "on the side of justice against injustice, of trust against treachery, and of honor against infamy."

"For one who does not know her, you sum up my pretty cousin's virtues very well indeed," she cried. "That is just why she is trying to proceed. Ten-thousand curses on her doll's face! Fancy that baby on the throne of Schwannenwald in such times as are coming. But she shall never have it."

At that instant the clash of steel upon steel rang through the house. The duchess sprang to the door, as though I had not existed.

"Heiff!" she called, shrilly, but only the count rushed into the room. "Heiff, you shall not escape," she cried, as she ran quickly past him, and out of the door beyond.

But I had no intention of attempting to escape. Now, if at all, was the time arrived that the count should be cut off from which Von Biebersteln had forced on me that morning. I drew up my position at the door by which I had entered, and waited, sword in hand. Nor had I long to wait, for with an oath the count sprang towards me, and as our swords crossed I knew that I had met a mighty customer. For some few minutes we fought in silence, each eyeing the other's eyes and I could do to guard myself from the furious lunges of the count, who seemed to have been fencing all his life. At the same time I knew the man was my master in fence, and that if I could withstand him for as long again it would be as much as I could do. At the same time I meant that I should do that fact, I heard Von Biebersteln's voice below.

"Darcy! Darcy!" he cried, "come on, man!"

But whether he called for aid or to warn me I had no means of telling, nor did I dare take my eyes off the count for a second.

"I am here!" I shouted, as loud as I could, but indeed it was a poor shout at best, as I was well-nigh winded.

At that moment and by the same trick of fence that Von Biebersteln had used that morning, the count disarmed me, and my weapon flew jangling against the wall of the room. I heard a hurrying step, a revolver was fired, so close to my ear that it well-nigh deafened me, and the count, his arm drawn back for the lunge that was to finish me, fell headlong towards me.

"Run, man, for your life," I heard Von Biebersteln's voice say, "we are safer on a volcano than here," and he started off down the passage. I raced after him; down the staircase I tore, and through the open door. I heard a low roar behind me, a sheet of flame appeared before my eyes, and I remembered no more.

It seems that, after I had left him in the house in Great Coram Square, he had made his way to the Princess' Elna's apartments, and after some difficulty had prevailed her to listen to him. She was on the point of accompanying him from the house, when Von Zahn, who may or may not have suspected something, came upon them and immediately attacked him. He was, however, no match for his antagonist, and Von Biebersteln had, after two minutes, passed his sword through his body. It was the clash of their swords that had alarmed the duchess when she was with me.

Von Biebersteln, after hastily conducting the Princess to the awaiting carriage, had rushed back to the house for me, arriving in the nick of time. As he had smelt burning he had second entry into the house, and guessed that the fuse connected with the dynamite had been fired. Hearing me coming to my assistance he had come to the conclusion that I had been foully entrapped, and on falling masonry from the front of the house that had knocked me senseless, and indeed nearly killed me.

The Princess returned safely to Schwannenwald, but when I heard nearly concerning my health and strength, Von Biebersteln announced she was on her way back to London again, her father having died, and had taken a suite of apartments at L——'s hotel, and there we also took up our abode.

But it was not until the day following the arrival that Von Biebersteln announced to me that Her Highness awaited my attendance on her.

She was standing by the open window when I went in (for it was late in June).

"It was all I could do to guard myself from the furious lunges of the count."

and she turned to me with a smile. "Your face is not altogether unfamiliar to me, Mr. Darcy," she said, "but I never thought I should be under such obligations to the owner."

"I am always your Highness' most obedient servant," I said, sinking on my knee.

"Nay," she returned, raising me, "if that were so we should be on the side of the angels, and that would not do. I could do what I pleased, and should choose oath and tan," I said, enthusiastically.

"You would be rather bizarre for a man, would it not?" she smiled.

"Pardon me, sire—otherwise, your Highness," I rejoined.

"Nevertheless, I should not like it," she said.

"Gold is a pretty color," said I, looking at her hair; "or blue," I added, looking at her eyes.

"Blush, a frown, a smile, chased one another across her face, but the smile remained.

"I am afraid you are as foolish as you are brave, Mr. Darcy," she said, "but I shall not forget your services, and if you would care to enter my service permanently, it has been offered you."

I fell again on my knee, mumbling my new appointment, but I hardly knew, and dared to look for so much.

There was a knock at the door, and Von Biebersteln entered.

"I have offered Mr. Darcy the position of equerry to Her Highness," I heard her say, "and he has consented to fill it. Will you see that the necessary uniform is—"

"Of green and tan," I said, softly.

"And that the uniform is—"

"I ought perhaps to have said blue and gold," I answered, as I bowed my way out of the room.

Von Biebersteln looked after me anxiously, but there was a smile on the princess' face.

"I think the way in which I became equerry to a Princess in Green and Tan.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

For a boy or girl. Fun for all. A free, It is the great secret society of boys and girls. Every order is yours original and only secret society. Membership badges, secret of signs. It has grips, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret grip, secret sign, secret order. It is not controlled by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can join them and when you are a member by certain signs, etc., they will name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Business stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

Where He Expects to Find It.

Aguinaldo says he will die in the last ditch, and he has gone to the extreme rear to look for it.

BRAINTREE-JINGLES FRAUD.

BY ALVAH MILTON KERR.

When five pairs of twins had been born to Abel and Ellen Jingle, Abel, very wisely, died. Perhaps Death would have been content to swing his hateful scythe elsewhere than in the immediate neighborhood of Abel's legs, or at least Abel would have cared to get out of the way, had not the five pairs of twins been girls. But seeing these, and the remaining two in Abel's eyes, the Grizzly Mower eagerly reached out his old-fashioned but effective grass-hook, and Abel was as hay that is made. Perhaps Death felt that Abel's work in the world already justified itself and was sufficient, or, considering present visible results, that Death's own business of mowing might ultimately find so abundant a crop awaiting it that no labor was lost.

Anyway, he took Abel, and for a time Mrs. Jingle was decently agitated. But Mrs. Jingle was fortunately a woman of invention, push and resource. In fact, she was a new woman, of a certain type, before that class had found recognition, and the name and indeed partly fashion in the terminology of the country. As Ellen Braintree, Mrs. Jingle had enjoyed a reputation for learning and accomplishments that was something more than local. She had dipped to the bottom of all the clogics, it was believed, had studied law, medicine, statics, dynamics, music, and heaven only knew what, for the mere sake of knowing things.

Mrs. Jingle became a nurserymaan. Abel Jingle!

Not why she did this is not entirely clear, but probably it was because women were in the habit of marrying men in those childbearing times. For, mark you, this occurred before the present delicious epoch, in fact, just before the world began to be actively brushing the serpent's head, or in other words, writing for hard cash.

However, Miss Braintree may have cherished some sort of predilection for the nursery business; at any rate, when she married Jingle she became immersed in it. To be candid, the fame made of her by the demand, became overstocked, in fact, and it is probable that a division of property and dissolution of partnership would have followed, had anyone in that day and hour been fasy of access. As it was, Jingle simply died; there seemed no other solution.

Then she began to make use of the position of the constituents entering into her mental agriculture. Whether or no she it more simply, began to show what sort of stuff she was made of. She at once disposed of the Jingle currency; that is she sold that portion of it which consisted of grotesque plants, sweets, shrubs, and the like; the portion represented by the ten thousand gold-colne tranches of Abel, on the other hand somewhat larger town.

Widow Mrs. Jingle argued that where one had an ambition and a purpose to accomplish, it were more easily entered upon in the sanctuary of home, than with one who not too well known. For Mrs. Jingle, being born and bred in Braintree, was known to those who have known one long and intimately but few curiously averse to being one pushed above their level or patronage; indeed, were there something in the Braintree objects than straws in the way of one's progress toward the fulfillment of ambition.

And Mrs. Jingle had lofty expectations.

To the particular direction of her anticipations she certainly had need of it, for Mrs. Jingle was confident that the Braintree Ridge is set very prominently in life's programme, and that in the precincts of the range she was destined to pass her laborious

And what would produce these but money? Money in fact, or that which argued its presence—prosperous appearance! Hence Mrs. Jingle's philosophy of life abounded in maxims of economy, or in that credit for possessing which amounts in many ways to quite as much. When she came to put upon her garden of girls, five of whom looked bewilderingly like the other five, she knew one or the other of these required what was painfully necessary.

Observe then the wisdom displayed when, having leased a big house upon the green borders of Tribeton, she became Madam Braintree-Jingle of the Braintree-Jingle Female Academy, in lieu of the former plain Mrs. Jingle, wife of the nurseryman, and mother of the Jingle twins. And note, too, the astutenes manifested in the choice of avocation, for the twins, being all girls and unknown to Tribeton, when reared were in the ample yard and about the house, at once gave the place the appearance of a prosperous school; besides, Madam Braintree-Jingle was not put to the extreme necessity of schooling her daughters elsewhere. She had them at home where she could do it in any way best suited unto them to teaching drawing, music, gymnastics, embroidery, and other things which became competent.

Unquestionably the scheme was a good one, for it succeeded, and success is the fruit that it are trying to pluck from the thorny, wind-blown tree of life. But ultimately this measure of success seemed not to satisfy the Jingle ilk; while the Jingle maiden of girls was in process of growth the clear-eyed proprietress of the Braintree-Jingle Female Academy provided food and raiment, and, to be candid, fun in moderate sort. But the husbands and weddings! and such husbands and weddings! Madam Braintree-Jingle desired for her lilies and buds! Ah, there was the rub!

Men do not, or rarely at least, marry schoolteachers; showing a surprising lack of acumen in this regard, for of course do women is so generally intelligent! And surely, as the wife of a manufacturer of nursery business, who could possibly be more competent to train and mold the offspring of man one who had trained and molded the aggregated and aggravating offspring of the highschool? Is not every man's instinct for generally doing the wrong thing in keeping with the necessities of matrimonial lunacy to the modern youth who will marry nothing but a pretty face and a divorce suit, the human male, as a rule, has shown himself equal to that portion of the bard which supposably prompts to mating. Of course this is a sorry confession, but then the world is a sorry place.

That the Braintree-Jingle twins were unusually pretty I am not prepared to assert. If I could truthfully do so, no doubt the prestige of husband getting and rearing would have been greatly simplified. Still, I am bound to say that they were fitted out in roses, this much out of courtesy, if for nothing else. But Madam Braintree-Jingle would not have any of the flowers take the place of wealth. The fish, and fine ones, were in the net when the twins were wed. Hence, Madam Braintree-Jingle began to feel upward another rung in the ladder of ascending toward a better appearance.

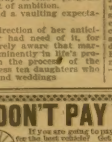
Immediately of that portion of the Atlantic coast which Tribeton reposed among the cultivated hills, lay a beautiful inlet situated upon the lands of one of the valuable estate. Once the Honorable Rufus Rolando made it his home, he having being long deceased, and having no heirs, save a distant cousin who was at the time in Europe, the magnificent place had gradually fallen into disuse.

Now it had been whispered, and at divers times and places audibly related, that the Honorable Rufus Rolando's estate in his last days, had secreted or buried somewhere about the premises, in a perfectly engulfing sum of money. Indeed, there was not one person who sought for it. None had found it, mainly for the reason that no money had ever been secreted. Rufus Rolando had invested the bulk of his last days had buried money, and a very considerable sum it was, in Wall street, but burial was in Wall street, and not at Rufus Rolando's home. It was found years after certain New York brokers, which fact was the prime cause of the Honorable Rolando's demise, as it was thought he had become to his last days.

Madam Braintree-Jingle was aware of this; that is she had heard and dreamed of it, but she was not superstitious, and, but, to say true, she was as ignorant of the real burial place of the Honorable Rufus's money as anyone else. However, the fact that it was lost in Wall street instead of in the mansion, made it a very remote case as she saw it. The popular belief that the money was buried was that which kept; that is, if it could not be found; and madam had her own opinion on the subject of it.

Consistent then with an inspiration, not necessarily from on high, Madam Braintree-Jingle had the Tribeton estate purchased, where, during the years of her occupation, the twins had grown to be young women, the chase of the Rambouet estate. Rambouet Lodge was the handsomest and most desirable figure, since it had fallen into some disrepute. The trustees of the Honorable Ramrod property were altogether sure that no treasure beyond its own value was buried

(Continued on page eleven.)



DON'T PAY THREE PROFITS

If you are going to pay for a carriage, why not pay the least you can for the best obtainable? Get all you can in material and workmanship, as cheap as little as you can for handling and "extras."

You save the jobber's commission and the retailer's profit when you buy direct from the factory. You pay the cost of making with one good trade profit added. We are not agents, but manufacturers of buggies, carriages, surreys, phaetons, wagons, harness and horse accessories. Everything guaranteed. With our illustrated catalogues you can order readily and safely. If what you order does not suit, send it back and we will pay the freight both ways. First, get the catalogue. You are welcome to same.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS COMPANY, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Common Phrase Illustrated.

"LOOKING AFTER HIS WIFE'S MONEY."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

His Help to Memory.

A stranger dropped into one of the Woodward avenue groceries the other day and inquired of the clerk if he had any nuts. The clerk answered in the affirmative.

"What kind do you want?" he asked.

"I don't know. Just name them over to me, will you?"

"Filberts," suggested the clerk.

"No," something like that, but not filberts."

"Butternuts?"

The stranger smiled. "That's it, thank you."

"How many do you want?" asked the clerk.

"I don't want any. I've been trying to think of the name of that street for an hour, and thought that would be a good scheme to help me out. I want to get to Butternut street. What car do I take?"

An Opinion Indorsed.

"Never allow it to be said that you ever gave a bribe," said the man of high ideals.

"Of course not!" replied the painfully practical person. "You don't want to let anybody know about it except the man who got it. And he doesn't dare say anything."

We will ship you a harness, saddle or vehicle, without you sending a single cent, and let you look it over at your freight house and if you don't find we have given you the biggest bargain you ever saw or heard of return it goods to us at our expense. We give with each vehicle a 5-years iron-clad guarantee protecting you against poor material and workmanship. Our 1899 catalogue describes the largest line of buggies, carts, harness, saddles and horse clothing ever shown in one book. It's free. Send for it. MARVIN SMITH CO., 2649 North Jefferson Street, E 97, Chicago, Illinois.

Guarded Hospitality.

"He isn't exactly what I'd call an insincere man," remarked Mr. Hopkins, "and he wants you to like him. But—"

"Yes," said the person who is always eager to hear bad news about human nature.

"Well, he's the sort of man who will find out what time you are sure to be too busy to leave before he takes chances on asking you out to lunch."

An Eager Inquiry.

"I am very much afraid," said the diplomat, "that you are going to lose your premium."

"Am I?" answered Li Hung Chang, whose possessions are so varied that he cannot, of course, remember about all of them. "I'm sorry to hear that. How much is a prestige worth in Chinese money?"

In the Twentieth Century.

Bennett—Horace did not learn the hideous secret in her life until the week before they were to have been married. Then, of course, he broke the engagement at once.

Wilkins—What was the secret? Dipsomania or hereditary insanity?

Bennett—No; she plays the piano.

His Own Creditor.

Biggs—I bought some gas stock the other day.

Boggs—That ought to be a good investment.

Biggs—Yes, and the beauty of it is that when my gas bills are ascertained I can console myself with the thought that it goes to swell my dividends.

Interested.

Mr. Gotrox—Yes, my son will soon be well again. You must be a great friend of his to be so interested in his recovery.

The Kid—No, it ain't that. I'm goin' to lick him as soon as he gets well.

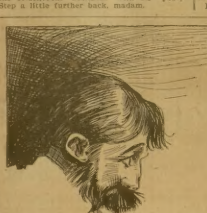
Their Fad.

Quiz—What do you specially note about uneducated men that have made large fortunes?

Biz—That they almost invariably attribute it to their lack of education.

Presentiment.

Justice of the Peace (to bride's mother, as the bridegroom hesitates with his "yes")—Step a little further back, madam.



Literus—What do you think of Woodyard Kindling's Jungle stories?

Critterus—Beastly.

A BAD CASE.

Flynagan—Oi see th' docther goin' t' yer house, Mrs. Murphy.

Mrs. Murphy—Yis; Murphy is bad off. Th' docther sez he has th' daytariums wid trimmins.

Strange.

When the sun sunk low in the hills that night,
And solemn twilight fell,
It sunk in the dales and the woodland vales,
In burgs and towns as well.

PERSONAL.—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks. Personal Correspondence Club, Box 192, Chicago, Ill.

Valuable.

"Do you believe in the value of fresh air?"

"I do. Indeed, I spent a week in the mountains, and it cost me $300."

AGENTS WANTED

START FACTORY in your own town. Circular free. ELECTRIC CARBON WORKS, Pocahontas, Ills
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

INVEST $200, earning unrivaled weekly income. Safe, unobjectionable, splendid proposition. Most successful year. Investigation invited. H. GRIFFIN, 1193 Broadway, New York
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SALESMEN for cigars; $125 a month and expenses; old firm; experience unnecessary. 10 Wholesale Cigarmakers. C C. Bishop & Co., St. Louis, Mo
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS $5.00 to $7.50 per day made selling Jaynes' Patent Adjustable Window Screens. All sizes; never sold in stores. Sample ten cents. C. A. Terry Mf'g Co., 63 W. Kinzie street, Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$6.00 TO $20.00 PER DAY MADE BY OUR AGENTS. Write for particulars to OLYZA CHEMICAL CO., Washington, D. C.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED in every county in the state to sell the "Triumph" Magnetic Pocket Knife. Good commis. Write for terms. From $5 to $300 a month can be made. Universal Novelty Cutlery Co., No. 54 Fair St., Clinton, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DON'T BE HARD UP $2,000 A YEAR EASY. Gold, Silver, Nickel & Metal Plating by Electricity. Outfits complete, $15 and upwards. Plating Dynamos, Gilding and Silvering Brushes, Gilding Solutions, Nickeling Salts, Bronzing Liquids, Electrotyping Apparatus, Dynamos, Motors, Lamps, Gas Engines, Electric Belts, Medical Coils, Books, Formulas, Experimental Outfits, all kinds. Electrical Novelties, Agents wanted, all kinds. Electrical Goods, Batteries, Bells, Call or write for Catalogue. Mention this paper. We mean business. We will treat you right. We will teach you by mail, through course of lessons, Electricity, Plating, Gilding, Silvering, Nickeling, Bronzing, Electrotyping, Dynamo Building, Motor Building, Gas Engine Building, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Telephones, Telegraphs, Medical Coils, Electric Belts, Electric Appliances, Experimental Work,

Improved United States History.

By IKE QUIGLEY, Historian.

CHAPTER V.

CHRIS DISCOVERS AMERICA.

When Chris fully realized that the ship was going on without Izzy he tried his best to get the sailors to return and wait for her, but they wouldn't do it. A sailor is as superstitious as a woman about to be married. After a ship has set sail if for any reason she has to put back the sailors all leave her right then and there, even if they have to walk.

However, Chris is to be congratulated for having the superstitious sailors on board. Spaniards are a treacherous set, the women being worse than the men, so it is 10 to 1 Izzy would have fallen in love with some of the crew and had Chris thrown overboard; in which event the overripe western continent would have had to hang on the bush until it dried up and dropped into the sea.

Chris came as near not living to discover America as he cared about, anyway. He thought it was only a little jaunt of a couple of weeks, so when the voyage lengthened out to several months the cream puffs, mince pies, onions, sinkers, and other nutritious grub began to assume that quantity which can only be expressed by the algebraic minus sign. The sailors tightened their belts until they resembled a lot of figures from French fashion plates. Chris was so hungry he wanted to die, but he knew if he ceased breathing for only a few minutes the sailors would turn cannibals, and then he could never have a first-class funeral and no monuments would be erected in his honor.

To make a long story of suffering and hardship short, they bumped onto land one night when no one was looking for it, and Chris got out of bed, swam to the beach so hard that it stuck fast. Chris' hammock broke from the sudden strain and he landed out on the deck and sprawled all over the neck of a common sailor.

"Ahoy, there, ye land lubber!" he called. "Take yer big toe out of me eye!"

"Chess da face," cried Chris.

"I can't till you pull your cornfield out of it," replied the sailor, congratulating the northeast corner of Chris' great toe.

The captain threw a sailor overboard to learn what the ship had struck, and in a short time he returned to say that they had reached land.

Chris was tickled. "Lets everybody geta drunk," he said to the captain.

"We haven't a drop of grog. What can we get drunk on?" asked the captain.

"Clits drunk on joy, you fool," thundered Chris.

The next morning, ere the sun had peeped over the eastern hills a deputation of natives were on hand to greet the discoverers.

The natives looked sleek and well fed, and as they lived in a country blessed with a warm climate they had no reason for hiding their physical perfections from the casual observer. The Spanish marines were afraid, in their weakened condition to start a controversy with the husky-looking savages. Diplomacy is their long suit and they were much in favor of instituting negotiations looking to the surrender of the islanders.

But Chris was hungry and he reasoned that a diplomatic affair would cause a further extension of the period when his stomach would be gladdened by a square meal. Besides he was more of a bluffer than the Spaniards. Bluff was his principal stock in trade. He accordingly left the main deck and lined them up in battle array. They had become so thin that they were principally eyes and feet.

"Who nota da cowards?" he said. "Wea hungry, wanta da grub, gotta hava da grub. Wea makea da bluff—getta da grub, getta da whole bis. Follow ma. Hump-ta-lalia, bmff!"

That last command is not mentioned in the military tactics of any country in the world and has created how little Chris really knew of military affairs and how ready he was to make some sort of a show at any job that came his way.

After uttering the command he started to march forward so the marines decided he meant "forward, march!" They gave their belt straps another hitch and meekly followed him.

Chris jumped over the side of the boat and waded up the beach to the well-kept lawn along the sea shore. It was the Island of Cuba or some other of those little spots in the Caribbean sea. We will let it go at Cuba.

Chris planted a Spanish flag in the moist

Amerigo Vespucci was sleeping soundly.

green soil and each sailor jumped over it, in leap frog. The natives concluded that was some sort of ceremony meant to cloud their title to the island so they went after the proper authorities. That was the beginning of the Cuban war which has been waged intermittently down to the present day. Those Cubans and Spanish just loved to fight and they would start a war at extermination about every so often. When two-thirds of the men on each side were killed off an armistice would be declared until the remaining inhabitants could recuperate and make another outbreak of hostilities worth while.

On this occasion Chris' rebels triumphed and each sailor captured a dinner and a wife. Chris was elected king for one day, and he ordered a castle built and proceeded to make himself solid with it.

As king of Cuba he would have had a lovely time if it had lasted longer. He began to regard him as a pretty good fellow, and as long as their dusky wives continued to grace the castle and help build the fires, so that the lords of the land had nothing to do but fish, smoke and tell yarns, the new kingdom bid fair to be a howling success.

Now, mark you the treachery of the Spanish natives also the revengefulness of a woman scorned. It did not last if he was on straight. When Izzy found herself standing on the wharf alone while the dago's ships kept on receding in the murky murk, she was "real mad." She boarded a street car and went back to the castle just as fast as she could. She woke King Ferdy up and told him that his dago scientist had robbed the house, stole three ships from the harbor and sailed away. "And he tried to abduct me," she added, thinking she had saved the worst news for the last.

"I am sorry he failed," answered her husband in a regretful tone. "Had he taken you I could forgive him the other crimes. As it is, he must suffer. Send for the admiral of the armada," he yelled down a speaking tube near the head of his bed.

The gentleman-in-waiting who received this command had himself unto the residence of the admiral. He found that distinguished person snoozing soundly, his emphatic snores resounding through the room and percolating between the sashes of the open window. His right foot protruded from under the covers and to his big toe was tied a string, the other end of which hung out the window. This was used to awaken him in case he was needed for state matters in the still watches of the night, or if his alarm clock failed to awaken him at breakfast time. He jumped into his togs and hastened to the presence of the king, wondering what had occurred to cause him to be so rudely yanked from the sweet embrace of Morpheus.

"Amerigo," said Ferdy, "get out your fastest fleet and hasten after that crazy scientist. He has swiped everything movable from the palace except this bunch of calico. You must capture him."

Now it happens that Amerigo Vespucci, the admiral, had been waiting for some time to get up a flirtation with Izzy, but with a reserve in character understand, she had kept him dangling. Affairs were in such a shape now that it was a case of cut the string or draw him up, and Izzy decided on the latter. She made it a point to be solid with the great men of the nation, so a spy of theirs should decide to depose Ferdinand she would escape the pig-sticker. Having passed civil service examination, and with her experience as queen to recommend her, she hoped for a reappointment in case of a change of administration. As Amerigo passed out of the room, Izzy clasped his hand and murmured: "Catch the vile robber and I will reward you with a smile."

Amerigo winked his off eye and started after Chris with his entire fleet. All he knew of their destination was "west," and as Chris had less than twenty-four hours' start he knew the orchard him in no time. By a strange freak of fate the fellow who boxed the compass on Amerigo's flag ship dropped the magnetic direction-indicator and broke the card-board. The compass was not much injured, but just enough to throw the cadjey off one-half point, so that while Amerigo thought he was still sailing west he was really hitting a good gait to the north. He never sighted the cayabanana salesman, and a month or so after Chris landed in Cuba Amerigo ran afoul of South America.

He was surprised that neither Chris nor his boats were in sight, so he called a council of his captains—and then he learned why Izzy had objected to his style, so they doubled their course, declined sure, but he was rapidly nearing the dough condition.

They sailed down along the eastern coast of the continent until they were sure they were north of the town of Spain, and finding Chris concluded that he had passed them in the night, so they doubled their course, declined sure, but he was rapidly nearing the dough condition.

They sailed down along the eastern coast of the continent until they were sure they were north of the town of Spain, and finding Chris concluded that he had passed them in the night, so they doubled their course, declined sure, but he was rapidly nearing the dough condition.

They sailed down along the eastern coast of the continent until they were sure they were north of the town of Spain, and finding Chris concluded that he had passed them in the night, so they doubled their course, declined sure, but he was rapidly nearing the dough condition.

(Continued on page fourteen.)

AGENTS WANTED

FREE! WE PAY EXPRESS YOUR PORTRAIT IN OIL COLOR

would be no more artistic than our "Oilette," in enlargement, cost, size, mounted and stretcher, finished with larger frame as best oil portraits. First Sample Free. How to get it. Entirely Satisfactory or money cost and trifle, effort.

THE CRAYON PORTRAIT CO., 1 Dearborn St., Suite 1, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED A LADY AGENT IN EVERY TOWN to sell SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS. Popular and Fast Colors. 36 Inch Corset Cut. St. Louis, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Honorable, genteel **WORK** either sex; no canvassing; $3 daily sure. Address with stamp, Standard Reputation Co., Dept. A, 62 W. Adams, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience necessary; position permanent; self-seller; Peerless Mfg. Co., Sta's O, Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$240 MONEY TO AGENTS. Steam Sulky, selling sixth-plow; Without Gaslight Burners. Fire all Kerosene Lamps; Common Gaslight. Burn Gasoline, Vapor or Gas without Generator. Sample FREE. Enterprise Mfg. Co. 2 Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CORNATION DIPPER. Seven useful articles in one. Costs PRETTY LITTLE. Sells to almost everybody. Write quick for sample. Write, postal will do. **RUNDLETT-GORNING, St. Vt.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS $10 daily guaranteed to workers handling our Patent Reversible Mirror Boards. Right shirts in one; entirely new. **RED-HOT SELLER** Sample 25 cts. Mirror Board Co., 1 Dearborn St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SOLE AND HEEL Protection. Sample pair Soles and Heels, guaranteed to outwear three pairs leather, and moisture proof, 25 cts., stating size. Agents wanted. Rubber Sole Co., 1 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. **REMEDY TROUBLE**, 185 S. Clinton St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES WANTED at home to make sample pockets for Dress Skirts; $9 to $10 per hundred; send reply envelope for particulars. **C. W. FOSTER, Machine Co., Box 3286, So. New York.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$20.00 A WEEK "Wanted." We guarantee $20 per week and $5 per hundred; prepay expressage. Rich grade and guarantee. Send for terms. Standard Silver Co., 1 Orchard Street, Northwest Building, Dept. 3, Boston, Mass.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WIN $100 EVERY MONTH Agents wanted everywhere to introduce our Specialties. Write for particulars. No capital required. Address, Excelsior Supply Co., 120 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ZAREMBA DIAMOND WANTED—Agents everywhere, to sell the new Zaremba Diamond; exports pronounced to detect from genuine. Several combination; catalogue sample ring or stud; free on application. ZAREMBA DIAMOND CO., 113 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS AND GIRLS can get a nickel-plated Watch, Foot Rail, Knife or Skates for selling 15 boxes packages of ROYAL BLUING at 15 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the BLUING and premium list. Don't delay. Address, Royal Chemical Co., Box 2134, Chicago, Illinois.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

FREE! FREE!!

Every one can earn, this Beautiful Gold Plated Hunting Case Stem Wind Watch, Charm, and Chain guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, by selling PEARLETTE TEA. They can be sold in a few hours, as they are practically indispensable. No canvassing; no outlay. Write

OUR GRAND 60-DAY OFFER:

Send your name and address and we will send you 30 packages of Pearlette Tea, which you sell at 25 cents per package, and when sold send us your address, free, a Beautiful Gold Plated Watch, Chain and Charm.

ELECTRICAL WICK COMPANY, Dept. 11 Orange, N. J.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address, and we will show you how to make $3 a day sure. Any one can do the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure; write at once. **GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 481, PORTLAND, MAINE.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$1760 REWARD. Here is a problem of interest to you. Can you solve it? If you can, we will give you $1,760 in cash for your trouble. We want almost reliable man in every county in the U. S. to represent us and distribute our catalogues. Salary and Expenses Guaranteed. Position permanent. Address **AMERICAN MANUFACTURING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

50 lbs. SUGAR $1.00 GRANULATED

50 lbs. BEST GRANULATED SUGAR $1.00

We will on the cars guaranteed super No. 1, our celebrated granulated sugar, in 100 pound sacks, for $2.00; sample by mail 10 cents; stamps for catalogue quoting 50 lbs. lots of staples and fancy groceries at wholesale prices.

U. S. SUPPLY HOUSE, 1 Sherman St., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Easily Earned

Bicycles, Watches, Sewing Machines, Organs, Pianos, Guns, Cameras, Sporting Goods, etc., etc., earned by a few hours' pleasant work among your friends. Write us and we will explain our plan and give you full information at once. Address

WILSON, WARD & CO., 1 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WONDER SPRAYING A Child's Toy Pump, but will whip cream in three minutes. Exercises the arm and chest like a dumb bell. Sent postpaid on receipt of retail price, 50 cts. Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Sample and Terms to Agents, 25 cts. Send for catalogue. **AGENTS,** write how to get this and others of our 50 cent specialties. **THE WONDER MFG. CO.,** Box 1, Station C, Chicago, Ill.

This Co. is worth a Million Dollars and is reliable.—Editor.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL DO YOU WANT TO RECEIVE Lots of LETTERS, Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties, etc.? If so, send us **10 Cents** (silver and we will put your name to over 1,000 mailing lists, which will bring you samples, publications and empty boxes; best chance you ever had; send name. Address Avery Distributing Co., Lizz, Indiana County, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Boys & Girls.

We give Watches, Printing Presses, Bicycles, Rifles, Jewelry, Games, etc., to boys and girls selling our Perfumes. Write us and we will send you Premium List and 12 packages, which you sell at 10 cents per package, when you have sold the 12 packages, send us $1.00 and we will send you the premium you select. Write today. Address

CROSBIE CHEMICAL CO., DE KALB PARK, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

7000 BICYCLES

to be given away. Want to travel and introduce our goods. Write for terms. **FREE** Bicycle to introduce them. **Write at once for our special offer G. R. SALES & SUPPLY CO., CHICAGO.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SALARY A YEAR. $75 MONTHLY. STRAIGHT OUT SALARY.

$900.00 SCRAFFINE SALARY. NO MORE NOLESS SALARY

Several trustworthy gentlemen or ladies wanted in each state to manage our business in this and adjoining counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses, additional, bonafide, no commission, easy to understand. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. **THE CONSUMERS,** Dept. 1, 1 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

COMPETENT, RELIABLE MANAGERS in locality can secure permanent position. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$5.00 A SHAVING SET FREE

for selling our six Months' Subscription Offer of Pearson's Magazine at 25 cents per copy. Pearson's Magazine is one of the handsomest and most interesting Magazines published. Contains Stories by Rudyard Kipling, Conan Doyle, Richard Harding Davis, Robert Barr, Stanley Weyman, Anthony Hope, Jerome K. Jerome, Barry Pain, Grant Allen, Gilbert Parker, Morley Roberts, Jerome Hart, Illustrated Articles, Reviews, Current Events, Cartoons, Sketches, Poems, Etc. Etc. Etc. Every subscription secured entitles you to a chance in the Grand Prize Drawing, which takes place June 1st, 1899. Every subscription secured entitles you to a present. Send 25 cents for Pearson's Magazine for six months, and we will send you the Shaving Set free by return mail, postage paid. Don't delay. Send at once to our address.

H. G. PEARSON CO., Box 1233 Augusta, Maine.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

26 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday.

—BY—

W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
119, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Chicago Weekly Ledger (by Mail) - - - - 1.00
Six Months - - - - - - - - - - - - - - .50
(IN ADVANCE.)

Subscriptions should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to THE CHICAGO LEDGER.

Two dollars must be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second Class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising Rate $1.10 per Agate line; per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade combined.

500,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of The Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the number desired. Inclose 10 cents, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Stamps or coin per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person claiming to do this capacity is a fraud. We have not appointed and do not intend to appoint any agents. A thousand will be on the lookout to ensure that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town, in Indiana and Illinois and other states, claiming to be agents of The Ledger, and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

THE DOMINATING ISSUE.

More industrial trusts and monopolistic "combines" were formed in 1898 than in the entire quarter of a century since the Standard Oil company, the first and most famous American monopoly, first began to destroy competition in illuminating oil.

The total of industrial trust stocks and bonds authorized in the first two months of this year was $1,166,300,000, as against a total of $916,176,000 for the twelve months of 1898.

The Financial Chronicle estimates that the total authorized capital of industrial trust "securities" for 1899 will exceed $2,000,000,000. This is exclusive of the transportation "combines" such as the coal trusts.

All of these combinations have as their objects the creation of a monopoly, the stifling of competition, the control of prices both for raw material and finished product, the crippling of, if possible, the destruction of competition, and the payment of dividends on a largely inflated capitalization.

Hazen Pingree, governor of Michigan, recently said in an official communication to the legislature of Michigan:

It is no extravagance of despair to anticipate the time in the not far distant future when the passenger and freight rates on every main traveled line in the country, when the charges for telegraph and telephone service in every state, and the control and control of every street-car line and suburban railroad shall be centered in the great cities of the city of New York, in the hands of one board of managers, and possibly in the hands of one man who will have the genius and the power to control his fellows.

It has invaded other fields with the power of a giant and the rapidity of a meteor. One by one each of the great staples which form the necessaries of life is falling into the hands of a special syndicate or trust or trade combine, which are but other names for the old evil of monopoly. Every man of superior force and genius, into whose single hand is concentrated more power than any king possesses and in comparison to whom the robber barons of feudal ages were pigmies in their capacity for oppression and oppression.

Even in the small retail trading of our cities the process of concentration is only too apparent. Our cities are no longer the once-familiar aspect of miles of busy streets, occupied by thousands of small but respectable merchants, each doing a modest but satisfactory trade with his own immediate neighbors and in a line to which he had trained himself by long experience, looking forward to the accumulation of a modest competence for his old age and to the transmission to his heirs of an honored name and reputation for fair dealing, which was as much as a family property as the house or his goods.

When the process of concentration has worked itself out to completion the law which governs both prices and wages will assert itself with irresistible force. The consumer will be charged the highest price that can be squeezed out of him; the laborer will be paid the lowest wages upon which he can keep life enough in his body to perform his daily task.

ENCHANTMENT.

By Ella Martin.

We ever overestimate
The pleasures we expect to see.
So when they come they fail far short
Of what we thought they were to be.
They're swept away,
Alas for joys,
Illusions we would fain have stay.

The distance that enchantment lends—
At least the poets tell us so—
The smiling skies o'er which they rave,
Are but thin air an here below.
The clouds like dawn,
A-floating round,
Appear but fog when nearer ground

Surprises of Nature.

A curious result of forest fires has been noted in the after conditions of the land over which the terrible Hinckley conflagration of Minnesota swept five years ago, burning 500 square miles of pine and causing the death of a large number of persons. Now the old woodland is covered with a much denser population and with thicky scattered farms. Bee culture is one of the most important industries. On the burned land there appeared almost immediately a hitherto unknown plant resembling Scotch heather and producing a perennial flower of great value to bees. Bees swarmed there by the millions, and now the honey from that region is one of the noted brands in the market. Nature is fertile in astonishing surprises and compensations.

Brown (returning from a spiritualists' seance)—Miss me, who's calling? I can't see anyone!

"Gimme! A trunkless head! It's murder!—or the devil!!!"

* (And the black maid, locked up in the cellar by mistake, gives up the hope of Isaac.)

"I'd rather sleep nights than be rich," say many men whose creditors are kept awake nights by worry.

HOW THE MINE PANNED OUT.

BY HANS OLAFSON.

It was up among the Sierras, before Crook's campaigning had made life there easier than dying. There were four of us, all prospecting. Two of our party had come over in the same ship from Christiania—Gustav Eliff and I. The other two were Frenchmen from Canada.

Eliff was a picturesque subject when I first met him. He needed nothing but black hair to make him look exactly like a pirate. He watched about two hundred and twenty-five pounds, but he was only five feet six, and all that weight had to be accommodated somewhere.

His head, to begin with, was about the size of a water-pail, and was thatched with tawny yellow hair. His shoulders were almost as broad as a horsehead. His arms were mighty, and his legs were like twin cedars. Altogether he was a living proof that the deeds of our forefathers were not greatly exaggerated in the legends, since a mere boat's crew of such vikings should have been more than a match for even a whole ship's full in the days of old.

I was an ex-schoolmaster. I knew English much the better of the two; and drifting together on the same emigrant ship, we made our way westward. We worked for a while by ourselves among the Sierra Nevadas, a little the worse for the wear, pretty fixed in the determination to find a mine somewhere that would make our fortunes.

The two Frenchmen were brothers, by the name of Barriel. This word was too much for a mouthful for them, so the miners' attempts to pronounce it ended in the elder being called Jake Barrel, while the younger and smaller quite naturally became Joe Keg.

As there were not many white men in that section of the country, we had become partners for mutual protection. The Klamath Indians were considered rascals, and needed watching.

We had gone over miles of mountain side with pick and pan, almost with a magnifying glass, without finding "color." We were not by discouraged, when Joe Keg and I started off to the very summit of a great divide, "prospecting" as we went, and we did!

There, almost on the very knife-edge of the range, one day, we found the summit. Joe tripped on a loose stone, fell, scraped away some yards of soil and sand, and got a good bit of skin, exposing a streak of pure silver that made our hearts rise into our mouths.

We had been looking for gold; but in default of that, silver would do very well indeed.

Eliff and Barrel remained in camp, packing up our possessions. When they saw us coming down the mountain, and waving the sky, they dropped everything and came right over the rocks like seals. Then and there we christened the mine the St. Olaf, and formed ourselves into a company to work it.

Now forming a company is one thing, but working a mine is another. The one needs machinery, and the other capital; and not a dollar did we possess.

The fact is that winter was approaching; and worst of all, the Apaches had got wind of our operations, and were becoming very busy on the sky, they dropped everything and came right over the rocks like seals. Then and there we christened the mine the St. Olaf, and formed ourselves into a company to work it.

Now forming a company is one thing, but working a mine is another. The one needs machinery, and the other capital; and not a dollar did we possess.

The fact is that winter was approaching; and worst of all, the Apaches had got wind of our operations, and were becoming very busy on the sky, they dropped everything and came right over the rocks like seals. Then and there we christened the mine the St. Olaf, and formed ourselves into a company to work it.

Now forming a company is one thing, but working a mine is another. The one needs machinery, and the other capital; and not a dollar did we possess.

Well, do you know, we never could find that mine again! Our memories were at fault to locate itself; but a wilderness of mountain peaks is a good place to lose in, and we managed the Apache smokes had something to do with our forgetting to take landmarks, which each of us had noted for the other two.

We were so sure that we knew the ground that we had hidden our tools and left them with us; and when we failed to strike the mine during the course of three days, or four, the two Barrels, Gustav and I, stayed in the region all summer, bound not to give it up, and keeping as quiet as possible in the meantime.

Like the old cave-dwellers, we had built ourselves a little hut in a recess under a cliff, and fingered our fire-arms awake to the music of the air full of flakes of snow, that came whirling over the top of the mountain in fierce gusts, and filling the deep drifts that filled the rift until we were completely buried.

We were all sure that the mine was existing, and it remained to be seen how we should get at it.

Joe Keg tried it first. We lifted him up through the hole in the roof, and when the storm was over, and the sun shining brightly, he took four steps, and sank down out of sight in a drift that was over the top of the wood and the bluff of snow. We had to let him in through the hole with a rope, and spend more of his white blanket than we had need of or room for in front.

The roof was settling with the weight. So Joe tried it again, and, shoveled off enough snow to make it safe. But there was no good in going away the door.

That night the rain began to fall. All night we could hear the rush of the storm, while almost never a word was spoken. Then, from the lodge, fed by the melting snow, and bored a channel downward through the drift below, and we had to cut a hole in the floor which thundered and shook the mountain at brief intervals. We did not know at what moment we might be overwhelmed.

Meantime we could not get out. Provisions were very low, and firewood lower. We could not think of much but the ceaseless wash and drip of the watery snow, though we smoked and told all the stories that we knew, and several that we did not know. We carved bone rings from from the shin-bone of an antelope, we marked a checker-board on the bottom of a sorting pan, squaring the circle to our own satisfaction regardless of the rules of trigonometry, and all the rest of us got thoroughly beaten at the game by the redoubtable Joe Keg.

But the storm came to an end finally. The snow had settled a great deal, and had packed solidly; but it was still many feet deep "on a level," although said "level," as a rule, was canted up to about forty degrees. By great luck, the weather had come off bitter cold, and given us a crust like a rock under foot.

Joe found that he could now get out through the door, and came in hastily in high glee.

"Now's a chance, my friends!" he cried. "Let Mr. Olaf keep his mine; we must get out before the crust is to melt. Vite, freres, vite!"

He caught up his blanket, and rolled it into a pack with dexterous hands. It did not take us long to follow his example. Nearly everything had been packed already in anticipation of the move. Nothing was left but our blankets, rifles and washing pans, which last we had clung to from force of habit, and had dipped in the sand of every rivulet that we had crossed.

We had meant to leave these pans behind, but at the last moment Barrel's heart smote him. What! Abandon the dirt that had washed for him so many flakes of glistening gold in days gone by? The dish that had kept his family and himself in clothes and nights of lonely camping. The pan in which his daily bread had often been compounded!

It was to late to lash it up, so he put it on his head after the fashion of the famous hatmet of Mambrino, that so aroused the fiery ardor of Don Quixote. Laughing like little schoolboys, we all did as he had once.

Helmeted thus in tin, we trampled all that day across the country. Landmarks such as those which guided us could not be obliterated so long as the land remained. The white peaks of the Sierra Nevada are not to be hidden by a snow-storm.

The day was so cold that we had no fear of avalanches, and skirted the slopes with no cares further than to avoid sliding over a thousand feet or so of cliff, or dropping into the precipitous gulfs. We will recall neither that had plunged from above during warmer days into the icy snow.

More than once we had to cut steps with our axe up the slippery glacis of some natural fort, whose yawning mouth stood ready to engulf us.

We camped that night just below the sharp knife edge of a great divide over the ridge of which the rock went down perpendicularly for hundreds of feet, while on our side a swift slope stretched away unbroken, apparently for miles, to the great valley below. There was a black ice of a mountain tarn ivy like a bed of coal just visible in the distance.

Gustav started a stone as large as his head while making a mortar out of the snow for his cutlets under a rock, and we watched it drop downward until we could see it no longer. Then as far as we could see the stone was still hopping like a jack-rabbit, till it finally became a dot, and leaped into nothingness, as it were.

It was cold that night. It makes me shiver now to think of it. Blasted fire grew around the boulder—that was why we camped there—but the whole grove could not keep us warm. We burned nearly all of it. Naturally we were afoot early, and the first rays of the sun had not yet showed over the ridge when the gray light fell upon "Mambrino's Helmet," as Jake Barrel paraded with the head of the party, ax in hand, with the washing pan on his head.

It was necessary to cut steps for some hundred yards up the slope before we struck the level and we had gone about half a mile from the stunted trees on the edge of a mountain across that valley, when a shout was followed by the crack of a solitary rifle. With a tiny ring, Jake's helmet spun instantly around as upon a pivot, with a dent in one side of it where the rifle ball had glanced.

Startled at the shock, Jake lost his balance, fell and slid swiftly downward about a hundred yards before we awoke to his predicament. Then he dug the blade of his ax into the crust and gradually checked himself, while the ledges rang with savage laughter and jeers in Spanish, English and Apache.

We soon found out what was the matter. Noting our fire during the night, a band of treacherous Apaches ensconced on the slope had their minds as to our course for the morning, had headed us off, and had cut off steps thus far, and then coolly shot the ammunition.

To all intents and purposes we were prisoners. We answered with a gun. The ax was with Barrel far below. To go back was certain death, as it meant turning our own backs upon the Apaches, who had to keep under cover for the moment.

One of them transcressed in that direction, and Joe Keg, who now headed our party promptly abandoned conversation with a Winchester. Joe was a splendid shot, and the very first shot followed the crack of his rifle indicated that some one had been hurt.

We managed to get out of range by crouching on the snow, but the bullets were flying around poor Barrel down below. The man rolled up in a ball with low wild glances. His face was white and drawn but set with determination.

Then he turned swiftly, waved his hand in farewell, took a swift shot or two with his revolver at the incautious Indian, who had cut his head, and then sat down in his pan. The next instant he was shooting valley-ward, steering with his ax.

Then we saw that our only way of escape from the trap was to follow his example, and run the Apache battery. A second later Keg

Gustav and I were in our pens, each with the steel muzzle of his rifle well astern as a rudder, and away we went, leaving a little cloud of smug dust behind us.

For a breath those Apaches were too much astonished even to yell. They came out and aimed, rifles in hand, absolutely thunderstruck. Then they sprang up on the rocks and began to shoot at us as fast as they could work the levers of their Winchesters, while the air was real with their rage at our possible escape.

They were wonderfully good shots, too, but in firing hastily in a hurry one is almost certain to overshoot, and nothing is harder to hit with a rifle than a jackrabbit in full jump. To all intents and purposes we were four such jackrabbits, flying like the wind.

We were flashing down that terrible incline, with probable death before us and certain death behind, so swiftly that we seemed to outstrip the very sound of the rifle-shots; but the whiz of bullets was in our ears, the snow was flying up in jets and now and then came a dull thud as a ball found lodgment.

Who was hit? What mattered it then? Alive or dead, he must go onward.

The air began to be in a hurricane. The jetting of the snow had ceased. With our feet drawn up, we barely kept our balance as we seemed to fly, skimming the icy sheet beneath. Every nerve was tense with the fierce excitement of that wild coast. I can see now the absurd figure that the stocky Gustav cut, with his tawny hair flying, his broad shoulders hunched forward, and his great legs projecting forward. He certainly looked more like a pirate than ever. With all the terror of the situation, I could not help laughing at the immensely grotesque figure that he cut.

Minutes sped away, and seemed like hours,

On the mountain side.

so much of life was crowded into them. The intoxication of swift motion drowned the sense of danger as in draughts of oxygen.

Suddenly there came a shock. The shrill shriek of the crust beneath us ceased, and we were shooting noiselessly across the glassy surface of the frozen tarn, onward—onward—until we brought up with a crash against the rocks upon the farther shore.

Gustav stood up. The ring of his pan stood up with him, but the bottom of it clashed upon the ice, torn off by the friction of the snow. My own was in a similar condition. Every pan was ruined—but it had been a glorious course.

"Are you hurt, Barrel? Are you hurt, Joe?"

"No!" "No!"

Barrière the elder straightened up, slowly, stiffly, as if he had the rheumatism, and looked sadly at his hard-used pan; then up at the great wall. Another man stood out in plain view in that wonderfully clear atmosphere, although they were at least two miles away, and waved his hand at them with the grace of a true Frenchman.

"Voila! Behold what the edge like the vultures; and like the eagle in his—his—drop, we them have escaped. Vive la dishpan!"

We had a great advantage of our pursuers, for they had no pans to slide down upon. That night, many miles away across the mountains, the light-hearted elder Canadian shook out ten bullets from the folds of his Ulyster, which, in the arrangement of his pack, had been behind his head. Every one of our own blankets had holes in it.—The Youth's Companion.

Braintree-Jingles Fraud.

(Continued from page seven.)

Ramhurst.

To be sure, Madam Braintree-Jingle had to give a mortgage on the fine old mansion in part payment. But she had considered that, also, through the sale of the academy her source of immediate income ceased. That, too, she had weighed and considered. In the first instance she counted on borrowing very easily, if necessary, after her plan had gone into operation; in the second, Ramhurst, when put in repair, could be turned into a magnificent private hotel for the rich and exclusive during the summer, should certain contingencies arise. However, she hoped that a need for the employment of either of these would not present itself.

Time had progressed to that interesting and critical period when the Braintree-Jingle lilies and roses ranged in years from sixteen to twenty-four, when the doting madam took them to live at Ramhurst. It was certainly a noble and glorious place, and for all its native beauties it was not less delightful when the Braintree-Jingle twins had come into it. Even the bare fact that Madam Braintree-Jingle had purchased Ramhurst, and had brought its broken grandeur into order, gave birth to the rumor that she had acquired wealth; but when a whisper floated into Trifletown, from no one apparently knew where, that some one in the Braintree-Jingle female cluster had unearthed the Ramhurst treasure, Jingles became bells, and wagging heads became chimes, that rung and pealed the story up and down the coast and inland to the mountains.

At the end of sixty-two days two of the Braintree-Jingle twins had married handsomely!

It was true buried treasure had been found at Ramhurst; that much was fact; but the guileless madam had herself taken the last two thousand paid her by the purchaser of the academy, and, it forcibly being coin, had buried it in the garden. Pierre one of the lilies, exercising for his health on a certain dewy morning, unearthed it.

It was but a small spark, but the astute and observing madam knew full well that it was quite sufficient to start the conflagration of report that the world, as well as herself, would delight in. The Braintree-Jingles began to have rich friends galore. The madam had foreseen that it would be so. And the husbands and the weddings! Did not the scriptures avouch that to those who had should be given? Though the Braintree-Jingles did not have in the most rigid sense the world and all that did, and living its own report, and being drunk with its own shrewdness, the world stood ready to give.

Of course there were those who thought that the Braintree-Jingles should properly yield up the immense treasure they had recovered, or the larger share of it, at least, to the heirs of the late Honorable Roland Ramrod. Indeed, the two nephews of the Honorable Roland, having finished their studies in Europe, presently came to Ramhurst to see about the matter. But Madam Braintree-Jingle had purchased Ramhurst with all therein and thereunto pertaining, and refused to yield anything. Certainly she had nothing to yield, but as for that, or the unearthing of buried thousands, she resolutely refused to either affirm or deny.

It was much the same with the lilies and roses; at all times when questioned they simply closed their lips tight, shook their bright heads slowly, looked unutterable mysterials, and changed the subject. The Roland Ramrod heirs being thus impressed, and at length smitten, and seeing no other method by which to share in their late lamented uncle's buried hoards, at the end of six months married two of the twins!

The stately madam certainly made them a fine wedding, and when they had gone to New York to live with their husbands, she borrowed some money and sent it to them. For, it should be observed, the Braintree-Jingle wag not without a sense of justice and the happy fitness of things.

By this time four of the twins were gone; three roses and one lily, and the Lady of Ramhurst began to breathe [illegible] there were six others to be cried [illegible] flittingly, and though she could seemingly have had anything on earth, or at least anything in Trifletown, simply by nodding her wise head, the paying for it was a different matter. Besides, there was the mortgage! Inevitably there came a day when madam, though reputed to be wealthy, pondered very hard and seriously on the feasibility of money.

It was then that she thought of her brother Gringos.

Gringos Braintree was, or had been, something of a globe-trotter. When the bloom had left his cheek and his gait ranged upon him he had gone abroad. When his patrimony had exhaled itself into thin air, and his supply of youthful bloom had been considerably drawn upon, he returned to the hills of his nativity. Thereafter he went west and from time to time report had it that he

(Continued on page fifte[illegible]

FREE HELP FOR WEAK MEN

'CALTHOS"

Prof. Laborde's Marvelous French Cure for Lost Manhood.

FIVE DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT

Sent Absolutely Free by Sealed Mail To All Sufferers.

NO C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.

The only preparation known to science which really cures Lost Manhood is "CALTHOS," the marvellous French remedy discovered by Prof. Jules Laborde. It is controlled in this country by The Von Mohl Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a concern which occupies a high and honorable place in the world of medicine. It is one of the largest and most responsible houses in Cincinnati, as anyone who is acquainted in that city will testify.

The Von Mohl Company invites all men suffering from Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Nervousness, Impotency, Perte or Weakness of any nature in the Nerves or Sexual Organs, to send their names and receive a five days' treatment. This will prove the wonderful vitalizing powers of "CALTHOS." After using it five days the sufferer will find new vigor in their organs, new force in their muscles, new blood in their veins, new ambition, and rapid progress toward the buoyant feelings and sensations of younger days.

This liberal free offer is genuine. There is no swindling C. O. D. or Deposit scheme connected with it. The five days' treatment is sent by sealed mail to all on request, wrapped in a plain package, and full printed instructions accompany the medicine, so that each patient becomes his own and can use them himself at home.

It doesn't make any difference what caused the weakness—whether bad habits in youth, worry, overwork, or business troubles. "CALTHOS" will cure, no matter what the disease may be called by the doctors.

The Von Mohl Company treats all correspondence in perfect confidence. No one will ever know you are using "CALTHOS" unless you tell them

THE SCHOOLBOY CADETS

Fun and Mystery at Washington Hall---Barry Powell's Victories and Adventures and How Hoke Ummer Fought and Fell.

By ROY ROCKWOOD.

(Copyrighted, 1898.)

SYNOPSIS.

Barry Powell, the hero of the story, leaves his home in Boston for Washington Hall, a boys' school on the Hudson river. Here he soon makes many bounds acquaintances, Percy Myers, a fat youth; Hoke Ummer, who tyrannizes over the other boys; Link Goul, a lad who is disliked by all; Piggy Mumps, a timid boy, and others. Barry becomes acquainted with Mr. Bigelow, the master, for whom he has a great liking. Barry's room is next to that of Hoke Ummer, who makes life miserable for him. Barry finds a boat which belongs to Mr. Bigelow and uses it for boating purposes. Hoke Ummer tries to get the boat away from Barry, but is unsuccessful. Barry and Hoke have a fight in the woods and Barry is victorious. Hoke Ummer tells Barry that he will get even with him. Barry and Link Goul become friends. Barry rescues Link from drowning. Hoke Ummer and Link Goul plot against Barry. Barry is invited to spend a week with Link at his father's home. Barry and Link arrive at the home of Link's father and are met by Link's father and mother. Barry is introduced to Link's father and mother. Barry and Link go out in a boat and Barry rescues Link from drowning. Barry and Link return to the house and

the reptile wound and unwound itself about the tree with lightning-like rapidity. It was suffering intense pain, and was now more furious than ever.

As it curved about, our hero rushed forward and pulled the tramp several yards in the direction of the well.

"Wake up! Snakes!" he yelled.

"Lemme—hic—alone," muttered the tramp. "I ain't got no—hic—snakes. Only overcome by the—hic—sunshine."

"There are real snakes here! Look out!" put in Link.

At this the tramp staggered to his feet. He saw the writhing rattler, and, letting out one long scream of deadly terror, he fled toward the road, the ragged coat tails streaming out behind him.

During this time Barry had again advanced upon the snake. With his stick he struck half a dozen blows. The other boys jumped in to help him.

The rattlesnake fought desperately, but with one eye gone he was at a disadvantage, and inside of five minutes Barry gave him a final whack that stretched him out lifeless.

"By jinks! but that was a stirring fight," cried Billy, when all was over.

"I don't want another such in a hurry," replied our hero, and he shuddered as he viewed the shining reptile.

"You saved that tramp's life," said Link.

They measured the snake and found he was nearly five feet long.

No one wanted the horrible thing until an idea struck Barry.

He extricated the poison from the snake and then put the dead body in the bag he had carried for cut paper.

The boys lost no time in making for Washington Hall.

Captain Hooper tried to get at the bottom of the affair, but failed.

"You must have been dreaming, Ummer," he said at last, and sent all of the boys off to bed.

During the following week Washington Hall was closed up, and the schoolboy cadets marched to the head of the lake.

Here they went into camp for a month, and now Jack Barry and the others have a jollier time.

Old Snuff had followed the schoolboys in his hunt, and one day he took Barry and Link out fishing again.

They sailed out of sight of the camp, and gradually crept up to a large excursion boat.

The steamboat was overcrowded, every deck being full of humanity bent on having a good time.

Some musicians were playing on the forward deck, and they drew quite close to hear what was going on.

Suddenly a cry of horror arose.

A young girl had been standing close to the rail on a camp chair at the bow of the boat.

It was Alice Moore!

As the steamboat swung around the girl lost her balance.

She tried to save herself, and, failing, pitched headlong into the water.

Barry saw her go under the greenish waves.

"She'll be struck by the paddle wheel," he yelled, and then, splash! he was overboard himself.

Bravely he struck out to save the maiden. The other was given to back the steamboat. The wheels churned the water into a white foam, but still the momentum carried the large craft on.

In the meantime our hero came up and struck out valiantly for the girl, who was now going down for a second time.

"Save her! Save her!" shrieked Judge Moore, who was with his daughter.

Half a dozen life preservers were thrown overboard, but none came to where the girl could reach them.

The Judge wanted to join his daughter in the water.

Strong hands held him back.

"The young fellow will save her, Judge."

"He's a trump hero!"

Life lines were thrown over, but even these did no good.

The steamboat swung around, but the run of the water washed the girl closer and closer to the paddle wheel.

She now came up a second time.

Should she sink again all would be over.

Barry was swimming with all the strength and skill at his command.

At last he had her in a yard of the struggling girl.

The maiden threw up her hands and went under.

As quick as a flash our hero dove down.

A second passed.

Then up came our hero with the girl clinging to his shoulder.

But now the current was apparently too strong for both of them.

They were hurled up against the paddle wheel of the steamboat, and then disappeared entirely from view.

Old Snuff gave a groan.

"He is lost!"

Link shuddered.

"It looks like it," he replied.

The next moment was an anxious one.

Would Barry turn up all right, or would his daring deed cost him his life?

This splendid story of schoolboy happenings will be continued next week.

Nerve.

"Talk about your nerve," said a policeman in the West Twentieth street station. "Why, I once had a case that beats the fewmen worse than Dewey beat the Spaniards. I was sent to investigate a suicide in Seventy-third street some time ago, and as I went into the house I noticed that a young man of good appearance joined me at the door and followed me into the room. None of the others seemed to notice him, so I said nothing. The brother of the young woman who had committed suicide was crying and repeating, 'Oh, what shall I do?' up stepped the quiet-looking young man.

"'Pardon me, sir,' says he. 'Here's the card of our firm. We notify the coroner, the doctor, secure the permit, embalm the body, furnish the coffin, provide the carriages, the flowers and dig the grave, making, in short, all the arrangements without trouble to you, and all for a nominal sum. You cannot do better.'

"'And how?' the chief's get the job,' concluded the patrolman.

"'Sure,' said the sergeant.

They Want Reporters Every where.

The Literary Bureau of Chicago is offering liberal cash prizes for stories and items of general interest. Their reporters are all over the country, and old, to send them items from their own towns, and persons who wish to do such work should write and enclose a stamp for instructions.

Good Maxims.

Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usually employed attend to the cultivation of your mind, or speak the truth. Keep good company or none. Make few promises. Speak little of your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things to be prized. Hate to be loose or idle conversation. You had better be poisoned than your mind by bad principles. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If anyone speak evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that no one will believe it. Avoid no literal lying ideas. Ever live, misfortune accepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day. Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich, if you prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind. Never play at a game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Owe no man anything. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Be just before you are generous.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A Future Possibility.

"What's going on over there?" asked the man who had gone to Washington in the early part of 1900 for the purpose of seeing the sights. "I didn't know they were having a mother's convention here."

"They are not," replied the guide who was showing him around. "That's the residence of the member from Utah."

A GREAT REMEDY.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure Has Cured More Cases of Catarrh Than Any Other Remedy.

This is the only remedy that goes direcuy to the diseased parts and is at the same time constitutional. It reduces the inflammation, heals the ulcerated surfaces, stops the discharge, restores the hearing, when impaired by catarrh, prevents the disease from going to the lungs, or removes it if already there. It gives speedy relief and effects a permanent cure.

This is the best season of the year to begin the treatment of Catarrh. Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure is put up in boxes containing enough medicine for one month's treatment, which is sent postage paid for $1.00. If you have not had a sample we will send one free by return postpaid. Address, Dr. J. W. Blosser & Son, 24 Brand St., Atlanta, Ga.

The Texas Hot Man.

"I was on a chair car in Texas a few nights ago, t'other side of San Antonio," said a New Orleans business man to a reporter, "when a typical Frontier tough got on board. He was a little drunk, very powerfully built, and about half drunk. As soon as he came in he threw a revolver that looked as big as a stovepipe, and bawled out:

"'I'm the hottest man this side of El Paso. I can lick any galoot on the train.'

"There were some ladies at the far end of the car, and a good-looking man, who was with them, half rose as if to walk up to the disturbance. He reconsidered the enterprise, however, and sank into the conductor instead. Meanwhile the wandering eyes of the stranger lit on the head-rest of the chairs, which were round, padded disks meant to keep from soiling. Naturally they were suggestive of targets, and he proceeded to draw a bead on several. The occupants promptly sought seclusion under the seats, greatly to the edification of the bad man with the gun. Then he roared, 'I'm the hottest gent in Texas. Watch me plug that fellow in the head.' The passenger referred to crawled hastily into the wood box, and, to all the train boys were still in a state of pitiable funk. Just then the conductor came walking briskly in. He, too, was a little drunk, and he had a roar like a megaphone. 'Where's that bad man?' he shouted. Nobody ever heard and looked for a tragedy instanter. 'Here I am,' yelled the other chap. 'I'm the hottest—'

'Yes, I heard about that,' said the conductor, walking right up to him, 'Give that gun.' To my amazement, the stranger permitted him to take it without the least resistance. 'Now, look here,' the conductor went on, 'you're too warm for this car. We've got a stove here, and you make it unpleasant. So you get right out on that platform, blast your eyes, and stay there until you lose some of your heat.' The hot man meekly allowed himself to be propelled through the door, and stand on the platform all the rest of the trip. The men inside looked at each other rather sheepishly, and I asked the conductor confidentially how he dared to take such chances. 'Oh, there wasn't any risk,' he said. 'I had the fellow sized up. If I had been somebody else I might have acted differently. One of the best things you've got to learn in this business is how to tell a bluffer.'

To Ledger Readers.

Thousands of persons seeing The CHICAGO LEDGER are anxious to receive it regularly at a price to suit a very liberal offer. The regular subscription price of Weekly CHICAGO LEDGER is $1.00, and everyone who sends in $1.00 within the next 30 days for a year's subscription will receive FREE a KING CAMERA with Complete Developing and printing Outfit, consisting of Printing Frame, Tray, Plates and all necessary Chemicals. We send the CAMERA FREE and prepay charges on it.

Remember you get The LEDGER for a year for $1.00. This is 52 weeks. The CAMERA is FREE. This is a magnificent offer, allowing you to get all the fine Continued Stories. The offer is good for 30 days from date of this paper.

The LEDGER is distinctly high in its class. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American Story Paper illustrates its matter so profusely or with such care; no other periodical gives so much for the money. The high character of its work generally in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. Improvement is manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it more convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, both for yourself and your friends. By sending us $1.00 you get the LEDGER for one year and the KING CAMERA, which is a first-class CAMERA IN ALL RESPECTS. It takes pictures 2 inches by 2 inches in size and is complete and ready for use. Embrace this splendid opportunity at once while the offer is open. Address,

CHICAGO LEDGER, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO

There coiled about one of the lower branches was a huge snake.

The janitor, McNally, grumbled when he let them in.

"Yez be late, b'ys," he said. "The captain will give yez a calling."

"Never mind, McNally; have a smoke," said Barry, and gave him one of the cigars brought from Raytown.

The Irishman was immediately all smiles. He lit the cigar without hesitation.

But when the Pharaoh's serpent appeared the smiles faded and he grew wild with rage.

"You will play thricks on me!" he fumed. "Oi'll report the lot of yez."

But he never did.

As soon as it was time to retire Barry slipped upstairs and into the dormitory occupied by Hoke Tumner, Goul and their chums.

He had the dead snake with him, and put the reptile in the bully's bed.

Five minutes later he was in his own room awaiting developments.

They were not long in coming.

A moment later there arose a wild shriek of terror.

"A snake!" yelled Hoke. "It's in my bed! Save me! I'm a dead boy!"

His cry aroused every one, and soon Washington Hall was in a commotion.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE LAKE AGAIN.

"What's the matter with Hoke?"

"He's got 'em bad."

"A snake!" roared the bully. "Take it away!"

He ran out into the corridor and soon a crowd began to collect.

In the meantime Barry slipped into the room and threw the dead reptile out of the window.

Improved U. S. History.

(Continued from page nine.)

Sure enough, straight over the bow, drawing a line from abaft the binnacle, was land, and in a few hours they caught up to it. The blundering, sleepy helmsman had plumped the whole fleet right onto Cuba, and right in plain sight was Chris' brand new palace.

Chris and his retainers came down to the pier to find out what t'll was wanted, and Amerigo stepped forward and said that King Ferdinand wanted him to return to Spain and eat bread and water at the expense of the nation. "Will you go peacably, or will I have to yank you?" asked the admiral.

"Mea not knowa da king of Spain. Me kinga da Cuba. You maka da monk sick. Geta da move."

Amerigo remarked he couldn't think of such a thing. He informed Chris' subjects that they wouldn't be molested; that he would place a governor over them, and they could have things as they had been used to. That settled it; they went back to their lazy lives and Chris went back to Spain accompanied by a huge chain to which he was very much attached.

Amerigo was honored by having the whole western continent named after him, but we call it America, which isn't Spanish, thank heaven.

"You monkey-faced organ grinder," exclaimed the king to Chris, "I'll have you beheaded. So you tried to steal my wife, did you?"

"Yes," faltered Chris.

"Well, why didn't you?"

Chris explained that his failure was really no fault of his own, but that he was really glad that he hadn't succeeded. The fact was Chris had met a very comely Cuban Amazon in the land of the setting sun, and the Spanish queen did not separate congealed aqua with him any more.

"There is but one course for me to follow to save my Spanish honor. You must die for swiping my valuables. Why, I've had to carry coal upstairs in a nail keg ever since you eloped with my coal scuttle."

Chris acknowledged the enormity of the crime, but he told the queen that if she would only permit him to return to Cuba he would bring him a ship full of gold the next spring. Ferdinand consented with the proviso that Chris would be sure and take Izzy with him and not let her return. Ferdy had a little love affair that he was working on the side and he didn't care a hick-whoop how soon Izzy packed her doll rags and went home to her ma or any other place. As previously mentioned Chris didn't want any more dances with the queen, so he promised Ferdy two ships of gold to be relieved of the latter part of the contract. It was as easy to promise two ships as one, and if necessity had demanded he could have made it fifteen without exhausting his gold mine.

King Ferdy needed the "mon," so he consented, and Chris departed in great pomp, much to the chagrin of the queen and Amerigo, who had planned a big Sunday school picnic for the day Chris was slated to get the dinky-dink. After waiting four years Ferdy sent after Chris again and he was brought back, but in the meantime Ferdy and Izzy had both taken the gout from high living and gone where they'd get more of the same.

Of course Chris had no gold; he didn't even have golden hair, so the fellow who had succeeded the Dandy-Dan sentenced Chris to pilot a ferry boat that plied between Havana and Cuba.

Questions for the Student.—Why is a woman superstitious about marriage? Do you think Chris in starting the Cuban war is responsible for the blowing up of the Maine? How treacherous is a Spaniard? How revengeful is a woman? Do you snore? Does your wife care?

(To be continued next week.)

His Excuse.

A very subdued-looking boy of about 13 years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Boston public schools and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows:

"Miss B.: Plese excuse James for not being thare yesterday. He played troant, but I geas you don't need to lick him for it, as the boy he played troant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they assted caught him an' licked him, an' the driver of a sled they hung on to licked him also. Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another one for assing me for telling his pa, so you need not lick him until next time. I geas he thinks he better keep in school hereafter."

Mothers Who Let Their children Starve!

Of course they don't mean to. They are vexed every time they look at the "scrawny" child. Vexed at the pallor of the cheeks. Vexed at the irritability and peevishness of the little one they love. And they feed it everything which it can fancy or enjoy. What's the matter? Practically, starvation. For it is the office of food to nourish and to strengthen, and it is not the eating of food which nourishes, but the digestion and assimilation of what is eaten. Nourishment is not to be gauged by the activity of the mouth but by the activity of the stomach. There is the trouble in general, "weak stomach." The child eats enough, but the food does no good because it is not assimilated. It is not assimilated because the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are not able to supply the proper juices, by which food is converted into nourishment. Look at the condition rationally. Is it any use to give cod liver oil or the modified nastiness of emulsions? This is only another kind of food and the stomach can't take care of this food more than the other food. Suppose your coffee-mill clogs. Is it of any use to put more coffee into the mill? Until the obstruction is removed the addition of more coffee only increases the trouble. That's the way with the stomach. It's of no use to give it fats and special foods. First the obstructions must be removed and the organs of digestion and nutrition put into good working order. When this is done the "scrawny" child grows fat. The peevish child grows merry. The despondent child grows happy. The body is being nourished and the child is in sound health.

Just these results are brought about by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, cleanses the clogged digestive and nutritive system of obstructions, strengthens the stomach, and so enables Nature to convert the food into nutriment and to distribute it to blood and brain, bone and muscle.

There is no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant, and no opium or other narcotic contained in "Golden Medical Discovery." Stimulants are very harmful to children and few medicines are without alcohol. "Golden Medical Discovery" is a strictly temperance medicine.

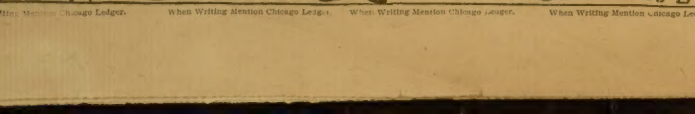
❦❦❦

"My four year old daughter had suffered from indigestion and bowel trouble from birth," writes Mrs. Lizzie Aten, of Baltimore, Lackawanna County, Pa. "The treatment given her by home doctors afforded but temporary relief. Last February she was then with severe pain in the bowels followed by violent vomiting. She experienced difficulty in passing urine, which, when cool, deposited a milky sediment. I became alarmed from her symptoms and wrote to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N.Y., receiving in reply a letter advising the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery together with a special medicine which they sent. This line of treatment I followed for about two months, at the end of which time my child was enjoying good health, and she has had no severe attack of indigestion since. I have used 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for biliousness with the most favorable results."

❦❦❦

Mrs. Ella Gardner, of Waterview, Middlesex Co., writes: "My little daughter is enjoying splendid health. I am glad I found a doctor who could cure my child. Whenever she feels badly I give her Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and she is soon all right. She took twelve bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' eight bottles of 'Pellets,' and one bottle of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and she is well. We thank God for your medicines."

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY Makes WEAK Children STRONG.



When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Braintree-Jingles Fraud.

(Continued from page eleven.)

had grown a great man in the lumbering regions of Wisconsin, and later that he was a mighty factor in the development of copper and iron mines in northern Michigan.

At all events, Madam Braintree-Jingle had had but one letter from her brother in fifteen years, and that requested a loan of a hundred dollars! Perhaps that was why she had largely lost interest in him. And now, being herself sore pressed, she wondered if the occasional vague rumor respecting Grinnoe was true. If he were wealthy and she could—well, how nice! For madam had thought that to be openly rich and secretly poor was a far greater tax upon human ingenuity than to be openly poor and secretly rich. Hence she began trying to recall Grinnoe's last address, with the intention of writing to him, when, to her astonishment, Grinnoe himself walked in through the front doorway of Ramhurst House!

Whether he appeared because she had been thinking of him, or had been thinking of him because he was about to appear, is a knotty point for the psychologists to decide.

Of course he was rich! At any rate he dressed much as a rich man would dress, and had an air That looked like success.

Madam Braintree-Jingle's spirits rose.

"You are improved in appearance, Grinnoe," she said, after the rapturous first greeting was over. "I fancy you are improved in circumstances, too."

"Thanks for the compliment," said Grinnoe, waving his mustache with a gesture that his broadcloth. "No, I have made a fortune and lost it, and made part of another fortune and lost most of that. Thought I would come round and look you up and see how things were going. You seem to be getting on immense, Ellen!"

"Oh, fairly," said madam, languidly. Her expectations went down with a cold rush, but instantly bounded upward. "By the way, I should like the girls to think that you are rich, Grinnoe," she continued, in a manner as if millionaire uncles visiting here with them would be an agreeable thing for people to hear, you know. It would not hurt the girls socially, or—or their matrimonial prospects, you see."

Grinnoe shook hands with her again.

"You are the stuff! You are the proper caper!" he laughed. "You ought to come out west and handle mining stock! Certainly, I am the owner of the principal portion of the western half of the continent—while in these parts."

When the six remaining Braintree-Jingle twins found that their Uncle Grinnoe had arrived, and that he was a millionaire, and moreover a childless widower his millions that being a childless widower his millions would ultimately fall to them, they smothered him with kisses. Grinnoe, Bruiser began to have a very good time indeed. Before the lapse of twelve hours all Tricktown was talking about it and, what with the Ramhurst treasure unearthed and Uncle Grinnoe's prospective millions, three more Grinnoe's prospective millions, three more certain money-loaning bachelors, whose place of residence was more than one league from Tricktown, and with none longer on her list as would have tempted an angel, begged for the slight and temporary accommodation.

In fact, Madam Braintree-Jingle had thought of a result ulterior to and larger than the loan, and the money was mainly for that. Toleman Trotter, the rich bachelor, had since been thinking of madam and the Ramhurst treasure. Would Toleman Trotter press her for the debt? Not he. Madam rightly guessed that a pressure of a tenderer sort were far more probable. Toleman Trotter wished to secure the loan that madam might feel obliged and encourage suit, while madam desired the loan that Toleman Trotter might ultimately bring suit—for both herself and the loan. So madam paid off the mortgage magnificently and transferred it to Trotter, where it was as good as canceled.

But what of brother Grinnoe? Being a millionaire in the eyes of Tricktown and its contiguous realm, he was finding life balmy and enchanting. He had set up the report that he intended erecting a splendid fountain in the Tricktown public park, and in fact bought a plot of ground and donated it to Tricktown as a building-spot for a public library.

Grinnoe believed in expansion of credit, both personal and national. Its immediate results were alluring and pleasant, its final result always garnished to be something not so nice, unless rendered inoperative by genius. And genius was what the Braintree-Jingles were on. So Grinnoe, being something phenomenal in the way of developing fine ideas, as witnessed by his accumulated millions, talked learnedly and enthusiastically to Trotter's monied men of the riches that lay undeveloped over in Fordham, and, on the back yet, the mountains. There had been, in truth, iron ore discovered years before in the region named, and now what better fortune could have fallen to Trotter's monied men than that Providence should send Grinnoe, able and public-spirited Grinnoe among them? A company was then formed, Trotter's land-holdings purchased, and Grinnoe became president and manager of the Fordham Iron Mining Company, with a fourth interest and a salary of ten thousand a year, given him as incentive to apply his great ability to the development of the property.

Hence, when Grinnoe had asked Grinnoe when he was going again to the west, he laughingly answered that he thought he would remain in the region of Tricktown.

"Ellen," he added, with a sly smile in my life, Ellen, as I've had since you started the report that I was a millionaire, that I have grown rich men are not expected to pay for anything, it seems; especially when they are going to erect fountains, and the like! It's glorious! Why, to be the brother of the Grinnoe who left Tricktown a boy, which the gossips said was sixty thousand, and to return a man worth a million and a thousand, and to be the owner of vast but mythical iron mines in Fordham, religion is the best policy, after all! I'm not going away! Take fortune at the flood, is the way I look at it."

Then madam told him that she was going to marry the rich bachelor, Toleman Trotter, and Grinnoe explained the Fordham Sink; pantry-closet, blood for five generations; there ain't nothin' but a parasitic fire kin ketch from. Jump in the buggy, ride straight toward the fire yonder; that ain't no danger—it'll run off in her Mule Crick. Jest over the crick a quarter of a mile or so there's a house an' four acres an' two weeks'-old baby. She's all alone, for I saw her husband in town an hour back. They have been here but a month, and you've got to get the woman and her baby over the crick. Then you've got to fight the wind to control and this hull ranch'll be in danger afore the fire reaches it. Mother and baby, I guess, you can ketch along the line; don't ketch along the line; don't ketch an' ride as if Old Harry was on yer track! You hear? Git!"

The hired man back into the pale cheeks.

"You say there's little danger of my losing my life, Jim?"

"Not a bit—not if you only git that woman across the crick in time; but don't waste time by jawin' with me. Git!"

With a rude toss he threw her into the saddle, as he would toss a child, and handed her the reins. As he did so he thrust a revolver into her hand. "Take that!"

"Don't hit him with that unless you have to, as you'll never be his life; but if you do, he can outrun a cyclone. If you have ter hit him give it to him red-hot!"

"I'll not hesitate," said Jim, and his rider become acquainted with each other.

Not in all the years of a few seconds to Alice before she and the noble animal were fairly rattling over the prairie. Never did could run; and after the first few tremendous bumps and Alice had settled herself in the saddle the thrilling excitement stirred her blood like an intoxicant, and she soon realized that Jim told the truth; it promised to be the race of her life.

Back—back—ahead!—she gained a man who was plowing a furrow along the edge of the prairie. He was busy at work. Alice's Waring, look, will you! Look at Prince Hal!"

Mr. Waring had not more than time to look up before he saw his cherished mount pass like the wind, and he saw a girl with hair flying behind her on his back, the horse gaining at a pace that not even his fastest Kentucky ancestor ever matched.

On the horse went as if he, too, knew of the life-saving mission of the hour. The foam came from his teeth, and his flanks were white. Alice leaned forward in the saddle, as she urged him on, and stroked his neck.

A moment more and they were at the creek, a shallow stream. Beyond, Alice could see a low house silhouetted against a great red bank of flame. The fire was coming. Already she could feel the intense heat.

A leap and a bound; they were over the stream and on again with still swifter flight. It was a matter of seconds now until the low sod house was reached. In front of it was the frightened peasant woman, frantically trying to save some of her household goods by dragging them with one hand further from the course of the fire, while in one arm she clutched the baby, around which she had thrown a wet shawl to protect it from the heat.

"Get your baby on!" cried Alice, as she jumped from the horse; "don't you see the fire? Already the heat! Run, I say, or you'll be burned!"

Alice caught the child from the woman's arms, and sprang up into the saddle with the child. The woman stood as if stupefied

PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have entirely disappeared. She was troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED W. ARMAGE, 3708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 314

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

165 ARTICLES FREE Catalog containing description of 165 articles we give away and goods. E. C. & BUSINESS MANUAL CO., 148 Monroe St., Toledo, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PERSONAL—To Gay Storm, Inwood, Iowa. Return and all will be forgiven. J. C. STOUT.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

U. S. A. MONEY Circulars FREE. Address C. T. C. Cheney, Box 1, Monroe, O.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE Paper, with photos, 3 months for 10c. Sensenger, 19, Stoughton, Wis.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

5,000 want to marry; many rich. Big lists 2 stamps. Mo. The Flirt, St. Louis, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

PRETTY and respectable girls want to marry; list of 500 with photos for 10c. sealed. HILDA & RING, KANSAS CITY, MO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

60 BOOKS 25c. Whole library for less dollar. Best postpaid. Sic. Illustrated catalog FREE. G. G. Wilson & Co., Marion, Ky.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$2.45 buys a MAPLE AND Baby Carriage 30 page Catalogue Free. We Pay Freight and Allow 20 Days' Free Trial. SPECIAL BARGAIN LIST FREE. Send for it. Mention this paper. Address, The Fair, 237 and 239 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

740 Fifty Finest Cards, Love, Engagement, Friendship, Floral, Comic, Motto, Gilt Edge, Hand Painted, Embossed, Silver Edge, Transparent and Hidden Name CARDS Co., Cadiz, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Census 50,000 men, women and youths wanted. Send 10c. for application blank and full particulars. Mention occupation, etc. to this New Census Bureau. Wanted U. S. Government. No Examination. Salaries $540 to $1,800 a year. Send stamp for full information as to how to secure positions. Address, Census Bureau, Box 1, Census Investigation, Leach Drawer 68, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$3.00 A $35 WATCH for $3.00, this beautiful solid hunting case, stem winding and stem set watch, correct time keeper, guaranteed for 25 years for only $3.00; call and see it and be convinced or send to us with your name and address, we will send watch C. O. D. $3.00 and express charges, examine it then and if you find the same as represented, pay express agent $3.00 and take the watch. Mention this paper and order cheap, or fancy at the same price. Address, CHICAGO WATCH CO., 127 S. 6th St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE
The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, kid gloves, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, umbrellas, tents, awnings, oil clothing, rubber goods, harness, etc. 20 cents; 1 package 10 yards. Agents wanted. Home Publishing Co., Farmington, Me.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

"PERSONAL"
Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write us at once. We have a large list of people in all parts of the country, both married and single, who desire introductions. Many pleasant friendships, warm correspondences and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to the press generally. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks Box 122, Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CHEAPEST HOUSE ON EARTH
The following are some of our bargains: Good cooking tobacco, per lb. 25c; good chewing tobacco, per lb. 25c; good pipe tobacco, per lb. 25c; good cigarettes, per 100, 25c; finest cigarettes, per 100, 50c; finest smoking tobacco, per lb. 50c; finest chewing tobacco, per lb. 50c; finest snuff, per lb. 50c; 10 finest cigarettes for 5c; send 5c for sample. Many thousand Britishers, warm friendships and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to the press generally. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks Box 122, Personal Correspondence Club, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Woman Made BEAUTIFUL by MYRTLE REED. Whole library for two dollars. Sells all ladies' goods, with gems, nerve and beauty to the most perfect and queen-like skin. Beautiful hair, luxuriant growth, and how to preserve and restore it. Perfect health and how to obtain it. Superfluous hair, moles, warts, etc., removed. Every lady should have this unrivaled for toilet and complexion. Sent to any address, sealed, on receipt of price. Beauty Book, full particulars, without this, sent FREE.
MYRTLE REED CO.
S. 43d Street St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

THE PASSING SHOW.

Roosevelt Vindicates Miles.

General Nelson A. Miles is vindicated. The testimony before the court of inquiry appointed to examine into the beef charges has done that. The charges General Miles made that beef unfit for food was furnished our soldiers when they were fighting their country's battles in Cuba and Porto Rico have been amply sustained. No matter what the formal report of the court of inquiry, the testimony taken and published from day to day in the columns of the press has proved to the country at large that the general commanding the army was fully justified in making the charges which subjected him to so much criticism from Algerites and Eagandites.

Wealth and Population.

Careful estimates of the feelings of the next census of the United States give a population of 75,000,000, without counting new influx of possessions. The figures in 1890 were about 62,000,000. In wealth the country has advanced even more rapidly. An aggregate of $110,000,000,000 is expected, an increase since 1890 of $40,000,000,000, or as much as the whole increase from 1860 to 1890. The wealth of this country will be shown to be double that of Great Britain, the next richest nation in the world. No other period in history has witnessed as great an industrial and business development as the last decade, and the United States leads the list by an immense margin.

What the Congress Can Do.

The peace congress is likely to wind up in a fiasco as to disarmament, but it can certainly adopt the principle of respecting private property, not only capture of war, captured on neutral vessels, and adopt additional rules of war which will outlaw any action which permits its troops to fire on hospitals and upon the wounded as they are carried from the battle fields and upon the surgeons attending the wounded. as Spain did last year at Santiago. Such a government places itself outside the pale of modern civilization.

Pastor—Well, Brother Jones, what kind of an offering will you give to the church this spring?

Brother Jones—Providence has been mighty kind to me, and I think I will put up a memorial window to my mother-in-law.

Workmen Want Their Share.

The laboring men of the United States are rightly striking for the daily and monthly pay they received in 1892, in which year all the laboring men were regularly employed at the American standard of living wages. Those wages were not too high and those days of prosperity must again be promptly restored at the present time, when all manufacturing and business industries are gaining the advantage of the new and greatly increased prosperity.

A Poet's Opinion.

Exactly what the New York press hoped to gain by interviewing Rudyard Kipling's father on the American policy of expansion it is difficult to understand. Of the value of his views on the subject Mr. Kipling, Sr., seemed to have a better idea than his interviewers, for he said he came from a small country place, and his opinion probably would not be of great value here. He was right. Neither would the views of Kipling's aunt, nor of his great-grandsire. And, for that matter, the views of Mr. Kipling himself are of doubtful value in a case of the sort. As a poet and a master of the language, he has voiced a sentiment and named an impulse as few other men could have done. Whether the sentiment is sound and the impulse healthful, and whether the desire to act in accordance with them is wise, are hardly things to consult poets about.

The scientific world is wondering if the new method by which the energy stored in a quart of liquid air produces three quarts more is a great discovery. This is not perpetual motion, because the heat of the atmosphere is drawn upon for its locked-up energy. At all events, liquid air is now produced at a cost of 25 cents a quart, and there will be no lack of experiments with it during the present year.

Proprietors and managers of leading hotels in New York city are urging the city and state authorities to pass stringent laws to secure the safety of guests against fire. They want the legislature to pass a comprehensive bill at once, and announce that they will meet all requirements with the least possible delay.

Carrying coals to Newcastle is no longer a myth, and it can be done profitably from this side of the ocean, in spite of freight charges of from $2.15 to $3 a ton. The great depth of the English mines and American economies of mining explain the fact.

With both the bricklayers and the glass

Tommy—Who is the light weight champion, pa?

Pa—H'm, it is a draw between the coal man and the ice man, my son.

"She dresses beautifully on the stage!"

"Pooh! That doesn't make her an artist by any means!"

"Well, she undresses beautifully, too!"

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE PAPER — Best Published — FREE. Sample Copy, Stamp. Address, PAPER, Columbus, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FITS Cured. 4 Cent Remedy Discovered. Sent Free a FREE package of it to speak for itself. Postage 2c. DR. S. PERLEY, Chicago, Ills.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

STARK Grows 5 to 7-Ft. Record. Fruit Book Free STARK NURSERIES, Louisiana, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GUITAR VIOLIN, MANDOLIN BANJO Self-Taught, Without Notes. Wonderful Discovery. Simplest, Most Advanced Catalog for a stamp. E. C. HOWE, 981 Bay State Bldg. Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BE BEAUTIFUL Our book "Complexion Culture" tells how to secure Perfect Complexion, Beautiful Hair, Hands, Hair Tonic, Blackheads, etc., to make the Latest Face Preparations, and other secrets since the Egyptians. Sample of your Graphite. By mail 10 cts. RENE SPECIALTY CO., Station O, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE Gold and Silver Eye, Lost or Hidden Articles, Mystic Curtain and Test Mouse Series, Fortune Telling Cards, Etc. Catalogue FREE.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

RUPTURE Cured in 10 days. A sure, safe, simple and painless cure. No operation, no pain, no danger of detention from work. No return of Rupture or further use for Trusses. A complete, radical cure in all cases of recent or long standing, easy to use, thousands cured, book free (sealed). DR. W. S. HOX, BOX 1, Adams, N. Y. Jefferson Co., New York
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS' Paper Free. If you will send us the names of five of your boy's best friends and their P. O. addresses, we will send YOU a Boys' Paper Free. Be careful to send the names of boys that like to read a GOOD PAPER. Address at once, Boys' Dept. THE STAR, Box 8B, Oak Park, Illinois
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES! Buy an Incubator and pay for it before you see it. If not, you're a sensible man. Know whether you want to buy before you pay. Send for our Catalogue FOR 1898. Poultry Raising and Poultry Raise for the times. Send no money. Address, Cal. Incubator Co., 7 Adams St., Delaware City, Del.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

INGERSOLL '99 BELL, 25c. A regular 50c. Electric Door Bell; will throw the Patent Right in free. Only a limited number left. Send 25c. Single Sticks Ball 10c. By Courtesy of Electric and Sporting Goods. FREE, R. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 67 Cortlandt St., N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$10 to $25 SAVED on Bicycles. Ship anywhere for examination. 10 days free trial. No agents large profits. Buy direct from manufacturer at wholesale prices. 1898 Reversed Rubber Saddle for ..... $12.50 1898 Reversed Cushion Frame ..... 15.00 1898 Arlington Roadster for ..... 17.50 Other Bicycles $8.50, $11.50 and $15.00 Sundries cheap. Sporting Goods, Guns, Cameras and Instruments of every description. Send for Catalogue. CASH OR BUYERS' UNION, 156-164 West Van Buren St., P. 29 Chicago, Ills.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

ACME BICYCLES
Direct from the factory to the rider at WHOLESALE PRICES. If you want to save $10 to $25 and get a high grade wheel, WE HAVE NO AGENTS MANUFACTURER'S PRICE, write for catalogue showing full illustrations with complete specifications.
Guarantee: Repairs Free and no questions asked
ACME CYCLE CO., 336 Main Street, Elkhart, Ind.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

5 PAIR FOR ONE DOLLAR
UPON RECEIPT OF $1.00
we will send, by mail, postage paid, the United States or Canada, ALL CHARGES PREPAID, 5 pair assorted
Genuine Solid Silver Polished Steel Scissors,
ground and tempered, warranted to be unequalled and guaranteed to cut either way. EVERY PAIR HAS THE MAKER'S NAME STAMPED ON THE BLADE. The assortment consists of the following sizes: 1 One pair 5½ in. Dress Goods, for tailor. 1 Each pair 5½ in. Trimming, for ladies. 1 Each pair 6½ in. Cutting, tailor's shape. 1 Each pair 7½ in. Cutting, tailor's shape. 1 Each pair 8½ in. Cutting, tailor's shape. Every pair of scissors is guaranteed to be perfect in every respect, finish, polishing material, and workmanship in general, bright as Sheffield and becoming rare. Address, Chicago House Wrecking Co., 35 to 41 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.